

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 125 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DRACON,
HENRY PETERSON, Editors and Proprietors.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER 1800, 1859.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

VENETIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THE VENICE BELLS.

ALLA CONTESSA L.—P.—

Frank and free,
Frank and free,
Maiden pure, but frank and free!
What the music meets thine ear?
What the sounds we both must hear?
As we cross the sunny sea?
Bells that chime
The march of Time,
March that both must feel and fear.
Mark! you bell that almost sings,
Mark! you shriller bell that rings,
And that deep bell's solemn sound,
Closing the harmonious round.
"Away, away!"
They seem to say,
"Joy but lasts a little day."
"And to-morrow,
Brings its sorrow,
To the fair, and to the gay."

Time shall touch those ringlets fair:
Time shall whiten this gray hair:
Beauty's cheek, and poet's song,
To the same sad doom belong:
One shall fade, and one shall fail:
As sink your chimes upon the gale!

Is this a tale to tell to thee,
Rowing on the golden sea—
To thee, so young, and kind, and bright,
Child of sunshine and delight?
'Tis not I—it is you chime,
Speaking still the voice of Time.
But one tone of all that there
Are flung upon the summer air,
Meets thy young and happy ear:
But one warning canst thou hear.
"Joy! joy! joy! while yet you may,
To-morrow comes a darker day!"

Hark the distant thunder swells,
Mixed with Zobenigo's bells;
And a hand of vivid light
Rends the welkin, in our sight.
Homeward! homeward, let us sail
Ere the blessed sunshine fail,
And you bell's melodious round
Is silenced by a hoarser sound.
Still they sing, to welcome thee
Back from sporting on the sea,
Maiden pure but frank and free.
And may each bell as joyous ring
Upon thy wedding day:

And may it tell the self same thing
That here it tells to-day.
Frank and free,
Frank and free,
Let the trouble welcome thee,
While the tenor speaks of joy,
Long and pure without alloy;
And the bass, with warning tone,
Tells earth's pleasures soon are gone:
And the thunder—which may come—
Only serves bid thee Home!
Where, while lightnings rend the sky,
In Christ's own arm secure you lie,
While, frank and free,
Angels there
Hail thee to their company:
Love, and Hope, and Charity!

Gloria in excelsis!
Venice, April 25, 1859.

THE LADY OF PLAS TYRION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain
that build it; except the Lord keep the city,
the watchman waketh but in vain.

Psalm, cxvii, v. 1.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE PARLOR.

Just as it was growing dusk on the 24th of December—the year of our Lord being of no importance—a traveller arrived at a small country inn, in the Isle of Wight, a favorite resort of tourists, within an easy walk of Bonchurch. The traveller was young and gentlemanly, distinguished rather by those easy manners which mark the man of the world and the scholar, than for handsome person or any other exterior advantages. He had evidently walked the last stage at least of his journey, and carried a small travelling-bag, his only luggage, in his hand. Other guests were in the house, and the "little parlor," as it was called, the only sitting-room unoccupied, was appropriated for his reception. Here his dinner was served, and here, towards seven o'clock, after having engaged a chamber for several nights, he sat with his slippers on, reading one of the Greek classics, which he took from his small amount of luggage, and which he appeared to be reading with some especial purpose, for he made careful notes as he went on, now on the margin of the page itself—and now, at greater length, on several sheets of paper evidently folded for this purpose.

Whilst he thus sat, with his whole mind evidently engrossed in study, a good fire blazing before him and lighting up, even more than his candles, every corner of the little parlor, the landlady entered, and holding the door behind her, asked, with a courtesy, if, as a great favor, that he would allow a gentleman who had just arrived by coach, to share the parlor with him, and also take his refreshment in the room.

Our first traveller, whom we must call Dallas Wynwode, not pleased to have his studies thus interrupted, hesitated, on which the landlady said apologetically, that as her other guests were, in part, ladies, she could not ask them, and she had, absolutely no other room into which to take the newly arrived stranger; she could assure him that he was quite a gentleman, for she knew a gentleman at first sight, and had it been otherwise, she would not have asked the favor. But her house was small, though much frequented by the gentry, and even the nobility—and she had once before been in the same difficulty, that was when Lord Macarthur first came to her house; he came quite simply, as Mr. Wynwode had done, on foot, without a servant, and carrying his own luggage; she had no idea he was a lord, and she had to ask him to let a gentleman share his room, may even his dinner, for he came just as dinner was served, and his lordship said—

"Have you, then, proposed?" asked Wynwode.
"No," said Franklin, "and I am not aware that she expects me to do so."
"Women always expect such things," said Wynwode; "Emily Fairfield expects us both to make her an offer, unless the one got the start of the other and she accepted him."

"Ours is a curious position," remarked Franklin; "we are rivals formerly, and bitter enemies you say. We became friends. Let not our friendship, through the love of the same woman, make us again enemies: and yet I could believe that possible."

"Never!" exclaimed Wynwode, warmly.

"How?" asked Franklin.

"Simply because I shall never be your rival," replied his friend; "if you will allow a sorry pun, you shall have a Fairfield all to yourself."

But Wynwode, without waiting to hear what was his lordship's reply, laughed, and interrupting her, said,

"Of course Lord Macarthur was agreeable, and if he made no objection, neither must I. Let the gentleman come in, and welcome."

The next moment, the coach-traveller, great-coated and well wrapped for an outside coach journey at Christmas, entered, the landlady opening the door wide to admit him, and the waiter following, to assist him in freeing himself of his outer habiliments.

He was a young man, as was also the guest who had already possession of the apartment, but of a stronger build, less scholarly in appearance, but with a frank, agreeable countenance, and quiet decision of manner, as one who knew his own power, and was accustomed to battle his own way through life. Scarcely was he in the room, however, and before he was freed from his outer wrappings, than Wynwode, glancing from his book to take a survey of his fellow inmate, and divine liking or disliking from the first view, their eyes met, and he started up, an exclamation bursting from the lips of both:

"Wynwode!"

"Franklin!"

"What a happy rencontre! By Jove! what has brought you here?"

Then there were hand-shakings, the heartiest in the world, and each "could anything have been more strange?" anything pleasanter?"

When the astonishment of the young men had somewhat subsided, and Franklin, the new-comer, had satisfied his rather rapturous appetite, and coffee had been brought in for them both, the conversation became at once serious and confidential.

"And now, Wynwode," said Franklin, "let us be perfectly candid with each other; and first I ask you a very plain question: for what are you here? If you do not like to be first interrogated, ask me the same question, and I will give you as honest an answer as I myself require."

"Oh, I have no objection to answer," replied Wynwode, with a candor equal to that of his friend. "Mine is a very simple story. I have been staying at Freshwater, at Tom Arbutnott's—he has a very pretty cottage there: you remember Tom—"Little Tommy," as we used to call him—he has married Lady Jane Thynne, the Earl of Linmark's daughter; I know the Thynnes very well; Lord Little is a particular chum of mine. They have often pressed me to come down, so I came a fortnight ago: it's a quiet place for study, and therefore it suits me in that respect; but they are a preciously stupid set; Tom's only good at billiards, and Lady Jane's religious—the only religious one of the family. And now a whole batch of aunts and cousins are down for Christmas, and as the house is full, I made a virtue of necessity, and vacated till Twelfth Night, when there is to be a ball, and the whole neighborhood is invited. I was, in fact, glad to be off, and after breakfast this morning, taking my bag in my hand, walked over here."

Franklin listened patiently to this long story, and then simply said, interrogatively, "Well?" as if suspicious of intentional concealment, or that the most important information had yet to come.

"To-morrow I go to Bonchurch—and so do you!" said Wynwode, laughing; "we both of us know where to find a pleasant companion."

"I expected as much," said Franklin, "and I have no right to complain; the world is open to you as well as to me. But, Wynwode," said he, now speaking with earnest gravity, "let us understand each other. We were rivals at school—we were adversaries a long time."

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone; but, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"You love her," re-insisted Franklin; "I knew it."

"Yes," said his friend; "if you prefer it, I do love her, but not to the degree that you do. I love her with discretion; I love her well enough not to think of marrying her, for the very best of reasons—because I cannot afford to marry. I can hardly maintain myself, much less a wife, and especially such a wife as Emily Fairfield, who has herself nothing. I know what the world is; what society is, and have my place in it; but, for the present, better certainly as a single as a married man.—When I marry, I must marry for wealth, and Emily Fairfield resembles me in this respect, that she must marry where there is money."

"You are ambitious," said Franklin; "you will wait till your good fortune throws an Earl's daughter into your arms, like little Tom Arbutnott."

"It may be so," returned Wynwode, "but the case is quite different with you: your fortune is made; your uncle died on purpose to oblige you: you have become one of the merchant princes of the land before you are seventeen and twenty; you were made, from the first, for a family-man, a very Peter Familias, almost, whilst you were in your teens. Don't you remember our laugh against you when poor George Fairfield was alive, that Christmas when we were all in London together? We were waiting for you at Farane's to go to the opera. You did not come till long after the hour of appointment, and then what was your excuse?"

"How can I tell?" replied Franklin.

"Well, you shall hear, for I remember it as it was only yesterday," continued Wynwode,

"your head was full of 'Notre Dame,' which

we had just been reading; and, as a preface to your excuse for being late, you asked if we remembered that singular and touching passage which opens one of the chapters, about a little child's new shoe: a holiday, a Sunday, a baptismal shoe; a shoe embroidered down to the very sole; 'Nothing touches the heart of a mother like such a little new shoe,' you said; 'I'll give you now a parody on that, for I know what touches my heart—a lovely little new pair of boots, such as one's wife might wear! I've been standing for hours at the window of a Ladies' Bootmaker in Bond street, and I am miserable because I cannot take home a dozen pair of dainty boots, of all colors, for my dear little wife!'"

And Wynwode laughed with infinite delight over the remembrance of his friend's youthful enthusiasm.

"What a simpson!" exclaimed Franklin, with much disgust, but it was not at all clear to whom the epithet was applied, whether to himself or his friend.

"But joking apart," continued Wynwode, now speaking seriously, "you shall have no opposition from me. Were it any one but yourself, I cannot say what I might do. I flatter myself that I should have as good a chance with the lady as any one. I have been over several times since I have been at Freshwater, and have no doubt whatever but that my society is agreeable to her. Ha! you look angry, old fellow," said he, seeing Franklin's countenance fall, "but upon my soul I have no serious intentions, and I will never stand in your way! I have already done you injury enough; and as I have no serious intentions towards Emily Fairfield myself, and never can have, you shall find me no impediment; for spite of all the selfishness and hollowness which there is in the best of us, I have yet a true heart for an old friend—a friend that was born to me literally of suffering and blood—so here's my hand, and good luck to you!"

Franklin took the offered hand, but still ap-peared far from satisfied.

"You say," observed he, "that you have been over several times within the last fortnight; and you said before that she expected both of us to make her an offer—as far as I am concerned I hardly think it probable: you therefore speak only for yourself. Can you then look upon yourself as an honorable man, if you have given her reason to suppose that you were attached to her sufficiently to be ready to offer her your hand, and yet calmly tell me that you had no serious intentions of the kind—that you have known all along that you neither can marry, nor meant to marry? And in what position am I likely to find myself, if on the strength of your attentions, which meant nothing, that innocent, unsuspecting girl has given you her affections? You must pardon me, Wynwode, but such conduct would make me think you a villain; and I should set little store by your professions of friendship, feeling only too deeply that the last blow you would have given me in that case was a thousandfold more bitter and injurious than the other—to say nothing of your graver enormity toward Emily Fairfield."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

"As far as I am concerned," continued Wynwode, now speaking in a tone of earnest sincerity, "you shall have no rival—I will never cross your path!"

"Do you pretend, then, to say," returned his friend, "that you do not admire my love, Emily Fairfield?—that you do not think her superior to every other woman in the world?"

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone; but, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"It really is a sad thing," said Wynwode, gravely, "to see a man like you, set so high a stake on one throw! You take life too seriously. Even if you did not win this girl, there are plenty more."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

"As far as I am concerned," continued Wynwode, now speaking in a tone of earnest sincerity, "you shall have no rival—I will never cross your path!"

"Do you pretend, then, to say," returned his friend, "that you do not admire my love, Emily Fairfield?—that you do not think her superior to every other woman in the world?"

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone; but, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"It really is a sad thing," said Wynwode, gravely, "to see a man like you, set so high a stake on one throw! You take life too seriously. Even if you did not win this girl, there are plenty more."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

"As far as I am concerned," continued Wynwode, now speaking in a tone of earnest sincerity, "you shall have no rival—I will never cross your path!"

"Do you pretend, then, to say," returned his friend, "that you do not admire my love, Emily Fairfield?—that you do not think her superior to every other woman in the world?"

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone; but, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"It really is a sad thing," said Wynwode, gravely, "to see a man like you, set so high a stake on one throw! You take life too seriously. Even if you did not win this girl, there are plenty more."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

"As far as I am concerned," continued Wynwode, now speaking in a tone of earnest sincerity, "you shall have no rival—I will never cross your path!"

"Do you pretend, then, to say," returned his friend, "that you do not admire my love, Emily Fairfield?—that you do not think her superior to every other woman in the world?"

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone; but, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"It really is a sad thing," said Wynwode, gravely, "to see a man like you, set so high a stake on one throw! You take life too seriously. Even if you did not win this girl, there are plenty more."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

"As far as I am concerned," continued Wynwode, now speaking in a tone of earnest sincerity, "you shall have no rival—I will never cross your path!"

"Do you pretend, then, to say," returned his friend, "that you do not admire my love, Emily Fairfield?—that you do not think her superior to every other woman in the world?"

Wynwode again laughed heartily. "You are a regular lover," he said; "one is wrong whether one loves the lady or lets her alone; but, in truth, I do admire Emily Fairfield; I think her superior to every other woman in the world. I know no one to compare with her either for wit, beauty, or any of those nameless attractions which captivate in a thousand ways. I love her, if you prefer it, but not so desperately as either to marry her or to shoot myself for her."

"It really is a sad thing," said Wynwode, gravely, "to see a man like you, set so high a stake on one throw! You take life too seriously. Even if you did not win this girl, there are plenty more."

"Not for me," said Franklin, with decision.

and fortune in the University. Fairfield, on the contrary, was a quiet student, whose only desire or ambition was to attain the very highest class honors. And in this respect he was successful; he was destined to none. In any branch of study, and his father's death occurring at this time, his efforts were renewed with increased earnestness, in order that he might command the most distinguished patronage, for the sake of his mother and sister, who now, in some measure, had become his charge. But the stupendous effects which he made taxed nature too severely; for scarcely did he know himself acknowledged as the first man of his year, when he was attacked by brain fever, and, at his request, just before he lost consciousness, Franklin was sent for. By him, his dearest friend, his last breath was received, even before Mrs. Fairfield, then abroad with her daughter, could be apprised of his illness.

These circumstances had naturally given Franklin a deep hold on the affection and interest of Mrs. Fairfield, to whom this was a blow which had no parallel in her life. But he who ordains the cross for his children enables them to bear it, and Mrs. Fairfield seeking only to him for help and strength, again rose up into the activity of life, and her whole being centred itself in her daughter, now her only child, her only tie to life.

Years passed on, of which nothing need be told, and at length Franklin, at eight and twenty, found himself, by the death of his uncle, the heir of his immense property, and head of the important firm which he had now served faithfully so long as a clerk. This unexpected change in his circumstances naturally turned the thoughts of him who always had, as Wynwode said, the soul of a family man within him, towards matrimony. He had never seen but one woman whom he wished to make his wife, and that was Emily Franklin, but as a merchant's clerk merely, he did not feel himself justified in asking her to share his fortunes, because, unless he had the prospect of a share in the business, however small it might be, he was not in the position in life which a girl of her character and singular fascinations could be expected to take, nor would his uncle listen to any of his requests on this subject, though otherwise uniformly kind to him. For this reason, Franklin very rarely visited his friends, and many an anxious fear crossed his mind as to his own chances with her, which it seemed to him every day must make less. However, as Wynwode said, his uncle died, as if to oblige him, and now the first thing he did, after ascertaining that all the promises of his good fortune were really such as they appeared, and having written to Mrs. Fairfield to inform her of this unexpected change in his circumstances, in which he was sure of her sincere sympathy, was to post away to the object of his affections, with a heart becoming more and more anxious and uncertain the nearer he approached. And we have seen him arrive this preceding evening, but only to meet, as he feared, the most dangerous of rivals.

But now the bells of Bonchurch are ringing, and our friends, ascending a long flight of steps to the Rosary, and entering its garden, amid flowering laurelines and roses, have reached the passion flower and jasmin-wreathed porch, only to learn from the servant, that the ladies had been gone about a quarter of an hour, and must be now in church, for the bells had ceased ringing. Franklin, to whom the first meeting seemed too momentous to be encountered without apprehension, felt almost relieved on hearing this, but Wynwode was vexed and disappointed, and the two walked rapidly to the church to find themselves the last arrivals, and that therefore their late entrance would attract attention. That was of small consequence, however, though by the merest chance, as it happened, the two strangers were taken to a seat, almost the only vacant one in the church, at no great distance from Mrs. Fairfield and her daughter, but somewhat in advance of them, so that they were exactly in their view, whilst they could not be seen by the young men unless they turned round for that purpose.

The congregation were kneeling as they entered, and when Emily and her mother rose from their knees they were both startled by the sight of the newly arrived, whom they both instantly recognised. Few people, I fear, would be so deeply occupied by their devotions, as not in a case of this kind to be guilty of a momentary, if not much longer diversion of mind. As regarded Mrs. Franklin herself, a prayer rose instantly into her heart, such as had often been breathed forth before, that he who first ordained marriage, and without whose blessing no true marriage can take place, would be pleased to order her daughter's marriage aright—would keep her heart disengaged and pure for the one object who was worthy of her love, and for whom she also, in her turn, might be made worthy.

There is no doubt whatever but that Mrs. Fairfield, though she had never said so much to her daughter, cherished a secret wish that John Franklin, the beloved friend of her deceased son, almost himself an adopted son of the house, though he had of late so carefully absented himself, might be the one appointed by Heaven as her daughter's companion through life. Of Wynwode she had long been afraid. He, unlike Franklin, was a frequent guest, always gay, always acceptable to Emily. He came, bringing with him books, music and news of the great and gay world from which they were exiled, but for which her daughter, so well calculated to shine in it, had a natural aversion. And with these, he never failed to bring evidences of his own success, power, or ability; he sent her quarterly containing articles written by himself, newspapers of high standing, in which were leaders from his pen; reviews of literature and art, brilliant, witty and full of knowledge of books and the world, written in that peculiar style of assumption which belongs exclusively to the world, and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, fine for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—*Emerson.*

OUR ASTRONOMICAL RELATIONS.—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun? why, that must be a grand sun!"

He is base—and that is the one base rendering in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, fine for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—*Emerson.*

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

gentle speaker, poor, who was gifted with the very talents which would enable him to figure in the Senate. Of this his friend, the last of Seven-sisters, Lady Jane Arabin's father, was so strongly convinced, that he provided him on the first opportunity a seat in parliament for one of his boroughs.

All this was known to Mrs. Fairfield, and not the less flogged she that he might acquire an influence on the affections of her daughter. When she saw the two young men in the seat before her, a presentiment crossed her mind, that the important time was now at hand which would decide, and that in one of these two men she beheld the future husband of her daughter; and attending still less to the service as it proceeded than to the anxious fears of her maternal heart, she prayed with the utmost fervency of spirit that He whose birth they celebrated that day, the Saviour of mankind, would indeed be a Saviour in this wise, and deliver her daughter from the evil of a dangerous passion.

"Lead her not, oh, Saviour, into temptation, but deliver her indeed from evil!" prayed she with her whole being.

Whilst her mother was thus wrestling as it were to obtain for her the blessing, Emily was no less occupied. Like her mother she had the presentiment of an important moment being at hand, and also, ceasing to pay any further attention to the service, though she went through it mechanically, thought her own thoughts. It was three years since she had seen Franklin, and now she was twenty. When he wrote to her mother on his uncle's death, announcing to her the change in his prospects and position, the letters had seemed to her but the precursor of a visit. Now here he was; and a something within her heart told her that the visit had especial reference to herself, but instead of her heart leaping up with joy in this consciousness, an anxiety and dread of approaching trouble oppressed her, and she felt like some one in a frightful dream who would flee from his terror but cannot. Wynwode had of late been so frequent a visitor that her mind was much more *rapport* with him than with Franklin. He was so cheerful himself; he brought so much life and gaiety with him, and such an atmosphere of the gay, powerful, fascinating world, on the outside of which she lived, yet for the flattery and enchantments of which her heart secretly yearned, that he exercised, as it were, a magical influence over her, and she experienced a sort of joyful intoxication in his presence. Very different was the man who stood by his side; handsomer certainly than he, incomparably more wealthy, and undoubtedly his superior in moral qualities; the friend of her deceased brother, capable, as he had proved himself, of heroic self-sacrifice, well-educated, and a gentleman by birth; literally her own first love, for she remembered, when a mere girl, when considered and reproved as a young coquette, willing even to attract the admiration of her brother's friend, how it was not mere coquetry, but a very sincere passion in a young, romantic, and unusually ardent heart. Could she now love him as warmly, now that she was so much more capable of judging of her own acquirements, and now that his character had stood the test of so many years? Could she love him?

Each young man had placed himself in a corner of the seat, so that without turning round he could glance backward into the church, or rather at the object of attention which had brought him there. At the moment Emily asked herself the question—"Could I love him now as I loved him so many years ago?" their eyes met; a deep blush suffused Emily's face, and mortified and angry at this exhibition of consciousness, she said, within her own heart, Not!

Wynwode also caught her eye, but this time she did not blush; and a voice, whether evil or good, whispered within her soul, "Life would be much more brilliant, much more attractive with Wynwode; just as society in the capital is superior to that of the provincial town; there is much more in the world, the gay, fascinating world, to which he belonged, these had the strongest hold upon her.

The sermon was ended, not a word of which Emily had heard, and all knelt or bent forward as in prayer. Emily's mother prayed for her.

"Oh, Lord, be Thou her guide, and keep her from evil; let her not be misled by outward fascination, by the attraction of anything which is not Thine! Keep her, Lord Jesus, and deliver her from evil!"

At the church door the young men were warmly greeted. Emily was crimson as a rose; a joy as of the light of Heaven itself beamed from her eyes; her beautiful wavy hair, the color of ripe nuts, seemed full of sunbeams. What a buoyant, lovely creature she was! Franklin felt almost beside himself with love, yet he looked grave, and gave his arm to Mrs. Fairfield—Emily walked home with Wynwode, as she went talking merrily.

(to be continued.)

OUR ASTRONOMICAL RELATIONS.—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun? why, that must be a grand sun!"

He is base—and that is the one base rendering in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefit we receive must be rendered again, fine for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. Pay it away quickly in some sort—our strength grows out of our weakness.—*Emerson.*

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

THEME.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$2 a year in advance—received in the city by Carrington & Co. & agents. For \$3, to advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for the same year.

Forwards reading in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA and CANADA TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States Postage.

THE POST, as will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the indolent and the active members of the family may all find in the simple pages something adapted to their several liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising column.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. F. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt,
author of *Michelet*, *Grace Greenwood*,
Old Bachelor, &c.; Jerome Petrov,
T. S. Arthur,
Alice Brown, M. A. Weston,
Author of "Letters," Author of "My East
from Paris," "Crusoe,"
Author of "The Ebenezer
acket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

NEW STORY BY MARY HOWITT.

We commence in the present paper a story written especially for THE POST, by Mary Howitt, which will run through about five numbers. It is, we think, one of the finest and most effective productions of this accomplished authoress.

THE EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS.

The leaders of the European Republicans seem to differ very widely as to the proper course to be taken in the present war. Garibaldi is actively engaged in the Sardinian service, while Mazzini, heretofore considered the leading Republican of Italy, has no faith in Louis Napoleon, and evidently believes that "grapes are not to be gathered from thorns, nor thistles." Kosuth, however, has made a speech in London, in which he decidedly leans towards Louis Napoleon, as compared with his old enemy, the House of Hapsburg, and is evident will do all he can to raise an insurrection in Hungary. Kosuth says, in effect, that Italy once free of Austria, it will be her own fault if she does not maintain her independence against France. But how short-sighted such a view is. If Louis Napoleon is victorious, the end of the war will find him absolute master of northern Italy, with all its chief fortresses garrisoned by French troops. Even Sardinia will be—for that matter is now completely in his hands, to do with as he thinks best; for the Sardinian army has been broken up, and attached to the different French divisions, so that it no longer can act in an independent manner. Therefore, if Austria be defeated, Louis Napoleon will be master of Italy, restrained by nothing but the fear of foreign interference, from doing with her precisely what he thinks best. And, if he would, he cannot forget that he is Emperor of France, which nation will require of him something to show in compensation for its lavish outlay of life and treasure. For substantial material outlays, every nation expects substantial material rewards. If Lombardy is given to Sardinia, France may take Savoy. She must have something—some extension of dominion, direct or indirect. For Italy, how can it be otherwise than a mere change of masters? And though she has a right to change her masters—the wisdom of such a change may not be very apparent.

As for the numbers engaged at Montebello, the Austrians held a meeting in the art of war. Train after train arrived by railway from Voghera, each train carrying its hundreds of armed men, and immediately hastening back for home. In vain Count Stadion endeavored to crush the force in front of him before it could be increased enough to overpower him. The battle was kept up without any decided result till dark, when he retired, having fully accomplished his purpose of discovering the position and force of the enemy. His loss, however, has been great—10 officers killed and 16 wounded, (one a General of Brigade, Brum.) and 400 men killed and wounded. The French were commanded by Gen. Baraguey d'Hilliers. The Austrians say they fought splendidly; *les Francais et un magnifique levée*, is an expression I have heard often to-day. A regiment of Sardinian Lancers, on the other hand, was nearly destroyed, completely ridden over, by some Hussars.

On the whole, we set down the battle of Montebello, as one of those indecisive contests in which little is gained by either party to counterbalance the terrible waste of human life.

FRENCH FREEDOM.—A Paris correspondent of the Liverpool Journal, says that warnings and threats of suspension to the French newspapers, have been very numerous of late. One paper has been suspended because the Minister of the Interior saw a grave offence in a rough witicism upon the extent of the imperial criminology, which the editor declared would soon extend as far as the fortifications of Paris—the witicism referring doubtless to the regency of the Empress during the Emperor's absence. We wonder if this is the kind of "liberty" that is to be conferred upon Italy—and, if it is, how much more it will be valued than the Austrian "despotism?"

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

POSTMASTER.—All that story about the forgery of the postage stamp, and the use of re-washed stamps, by which the Department is defrauded to the extent of a million of dollars yearly, is the ridiculous coinage of an unscrupulous New York journal, which is edited on the "sensation principle." There is no reason to believe that any forged stamps have been manufactured, and the losses from the use of imperfectly defaced stamps must be very small indeed. If in any district a much larger amount of stamps should be received than were sold there, the attention of the Department would be at once attracted, and means taken to detect any fraud. So far, the sales of stamps have yearly exceeded their receipt, as the following statistics prove. In the Postmaster General's Report of 1858-9, exhibiting the operations of the Department to June 30, 1858, the following appears in the letter of the Auditor, at page 82:

The amount of postage stamps and stamped envelopes sold by Postmasters during the fiscal year, was \$5,700,314.83
Of this there were used and consumed 5,367,415.53
\$322,898.56

The official Report of the previous year to June 30, 1857, exhibits the following on the same subject:

The amount of postage stamps and stamped

envelopes sold by Postmasters during the fiscal year, was \$5,446,785.22
Of this there were used and consumed 5,079,327.86
\$375,327.46

The average difference of about \$350,00 is accounted for by the stamp on hand and unused in the large offices, and in the pockets of the community. The whole story referred to is a *canard* of the largest kind.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—It is the fact. The Medical Convention recently held in this city, positively did resolve, with but two dissenting voices, to "disown and refuse all professional intercourse with the Faculties and Graduates of Female Medical Colleges." As the reasons for this apparently harsh and ungentlemanly course have not been published, we hesitate to express any opinion upon the subject. Unless some reason can be given which has not occurred to us, we think this action not of enlarged and magnanimous character which we should have expected from a body of gentlemen and scholars. While we do not ourselves believe that women as a class, will ever attain to any high proficiency in general medical practice, still we see no reason for refusing to treat the Faculties and Graduates of properly conducted Female Colleges with all respect and courtesy.

F. W.—The answer to your enigma, you say, is the celebrated poet artist, Thomas Buchanan Read. There is no such person. There is a poet artist of the name of Read, to whom you affix perhaps. But an enigma in which such an error appears, is condemned at once.

M. F. J.—Your five questions about the island of Madagascar we cannot pretend to answer. It would take some time to acquire so much information, and after we had acquired it, would do us very little good. If you really want to know all about Madagascar, you can refer to some Gazetteer, or consult works of travel in which that island is mentioned. Probably any of the book-sellers who advertise in THE POST, could send you a work referring to the island.

STUNTS.—We do not entirely agree with President Buchanan, in his views relative to short and long sentences. Mr. Buchanan, as we find his remarks reported, said:—"There is great merit in short sentences. The author who uses long sentences is often a bore. Short sentences are useful in shorting off the time of writing, and saving ink. They are also good for the reader. Some authors write in short sentences, and others, two and three; very seldom all four. All these articles have, though composed of different chemical materials, this in common—that they prevent the formation of the acid of vinegar, when the yeast and mash is in fermentation, and in this wise increase the yield of whiskey. Hop will do the same, and are also employed, and to a greater extent than all the above articles, because they are cheaper. But all these drugs never go into the whiskey—they are all separated by chemical operations again before the whiskey is ready; and so would strichnine, if it was employed, which it is not. Strichnine is too costly an article, to be used in the manufacture of whiskey, even if it could be used to such an extent that it ever would do any harm to the whiskey drinker, or to the cattle eating the slop. To give you an idea how little of these drugs are used, I need only to tell you that with twenty-four ounces of ginger, twelve ounces of magnesia, and four pounds of sugar, I generally manufacture from four to six thousand barrels of whiskey; and as these drugs go into the mash—about fifteen barrels of which will make one barrel of whiskey, they consequently go into sixty to ninety thousand barrels of mash, so even if they were all strichnine, you would certainly call this super-homoeopathic treatment, not to mention that the whiskey is entirely separated again from it by distillation.

Domestic brandies manufactured from whiskey, are sometimes doctored with drugs, (and I am sorry to say that some of these articles are detrimental to the health of the consumer,) but this is done to give the brandy what is called body, age and the particular flavor of the liquor intended to be imitated, and not to increase the quantity.

The reason that this charge has not been answered and denied before, is certainly no other than that it is so ridiculous. If whiskey had to be mixed with strichnine to such an extent, as to endanger the lives or health of the consumers, it could not be sold for what it is sold for now. The Legislature of Ohio may in their ignorance have passed such a law as you mention, but there has certainly never been a conviction under it, and never will be.

To sum up, Mr. Editor:—I have been engaged in the business for thirteen years, and have manufactured thousands of barrels of whiskey. I am well acquainted with a good many other distillers and their different modes of manufacturing, but never have I known a distiller to use a grain of strichnine; nor have I ever used one myself.

Very respectfully, your

SUBSCRIBER.

* When fermented called beer, and when distilled or separated from the whiskey called slop.

A CONSOLING LETTER FROM A RUNAWAY WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.—Some time since the wife of Mr. Poulin, a merchant of St. Joseph, Missouri, ran away with her husband's clerk, taking along a little daughter. The following letter, written by the woman to her husband, is published in the St. Joseph Journal, and for coldness and impudence beats anything of the kind that has come under our observation. The girl Lucy, mentioned in the letter, is a servant belonging to Mr. Poulin, worth about \$800, and the child which she proposes to exchange is her own, about four years of age. The letter is post-marked Cincinnati, Ohio.

May 23, 1859.

Mr. L. Poulin.—Dear Sir:—I wish to write to you a few lines, to give you some news of us

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FIRST FRUITS OF THE WAR.—A REMARKABLE PROPHETY.—A HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

Paris, May 26, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

We have as yet, from the seat of war, only news of a single skirmish, which took place on the 20th, in the plain of Montebello, and in which the French had the advantage. The French and Austrian versions of the affair differ very widely: the former asserting that the Austrian force consisted of 15,000 men, the number of French troops not being stated, and the latter giving 3,000 as the number of the Austrians, and 15,000 as that of the French. It is clear, however, from the list of the Spanish regiments engaged, that the French had not less than from 6,000 to 8,000 men, including the Sardinian division. The Austrians claim to have retired in good order from the field; the French declare them to have fled in confusion. It is certain that the conflict, though on a small scale, was sharply conducted on both sides; the French have lost one of the two Generals engaged, three out of four Colonels are wounded, and of the twelve other officers, one has been killed, and three are wounded. The total loss of the French army is stated here at between 500 and 600 killed and wounded; while the Austrians are said to have had 2,000 killed, and 200 taken prisoners. To-day it is rumored that another engagement has taken place; but we have no official notification of the fact.

The Empress-Regent is busy signing decrees, authorizing bills, and discharging the various governmental duties devolved upon her by the Imperial will and absence. Everybody has

heard of the famous prediction made by a ne-

grec to the beautiful Creole who subsequently became the Empress Josephine; it is now as-

serted that a similar incident foreshadowed the future fortunes of the Empress Eugenie. It

seems that, one day, the young Duchesse de Teba was at the Chateau of some grand sol-

neur of the south of France, whose name has

escaped me; it was just after Louis Napoleon

had made his attempt at escape from Ham, and

every one at the dinner-table was exclaiming

at the madness of the attempt, the dashing

young Spaniard making herself particularly

merry at the expense of the Napoleonic presi-

der. A lady, said to be gifted with second-

sight, happened to be sitting near the young

Duchess; she bent slowly forward towards her,

and, in a dreamy sort of way,

"*Ex bien, Eugenie, laugh as much as you*

like; that man will be King of the French yet,

and—you'll marry him!"

At which all the company laughed louder

than ever, the handsome Spanish belle especi-

ally, thinking this prediction a most excellent

joke.

Is this one of the many after-told prophecies of which so many go up and down the world whenever any thing unexpected has taken place? Far be it from me to decide a point of such intricacy; all I can say is, that the gentle- man from whom I have the story is a man of veracity and honor, whose testimony would be received undoubtfully on ordinary matters, and that he declares most positively that he was present at the dinner party when the prophecy in question was suddenly uttered by the second-sighted lady referred to.

But leaving this mysterious subject to the decision of your readers, let me lay before them the explanation of another mystery, viz.: that of the famous captive known by the designation of "The Man in the Iron Mask," with regard to whom it was remarked in a former letter, that an old friend of mine, M. Girard, re-nowned in his own circle for his love of coffee, and his keenness in collecting data with regard to various matters of historical and literary detail, had arrived at an explanation which he regards as certain, and of which he has made one of the cardinal dogmas of his historical and literary *credo*.

I need not remind your readers of the numerous suppositions which have been made in relation to the real name and station of a political prisoner, at once so jealously guarded and so carefully tended, under the iron sway of the imperious Louis XIV.; nor describe how some have supposed him to have been the Duke of Beaufort, popularly called "The King of the Market Place;" others, the son of Louis XIV., and the Duchesse de la Valliere, the Counte de Vermandois, thus punished for having struck the Dauphin; others, again, imagining him to be the disgraced Minister Fouquet, the Duke of Monmouth, the Armenian schismatic Arvedicks, noted for his enmity against the Catholics of the East, or the whilome secretary of the Duke of Mantua, Marchiali, who signalized himself by the opposition he made to the political designs of the King of France: none of which hypotheses can sustain examination, their impossibility being evident on comparing the date of the captivity of the Man in the Iron Mask with that of various incidents in the lives of these personages; and nothing could explain, in the case of either of these, the multitude of vigorous and perilous precautions employed by the jailors of the captive to prevent his having any communication with the world, or showing his features to any living mortal, while, at the same time, he was surrounded with every species of luxury, supplied with the richest fare, the most sumptuous clothing, and the most magnificent furniture and appointments of every kind, and was always treated with the most profound respect by the highest agents of the Government, even by the imperious Louis himself, notwithstanding the severity with which they enforced the maintenance of the rigorous and cruel captivity to which he was condemned. Nothing, moreover, in the history of the personages referred to, explains the jealous care with which every document relative to him was destroyed or falsified after his death, and the secrecy so scrupulously preserved in relation to the deceased captive, by Louis XIV. and all his heirs.

These singular circumstances, these unheard-of precautions, this strict silence, all prove that the prisoner was of the most illustrious rank, and also that his existence was a danger, and perhaps also a disgrace, to the reigning dynasty. Voltaire was, therefore, the first to offer a logical solution of this curious problem, by

supposing the prisoner to be an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. The scandalous intimacy existing between the Queen and her brother-in-law, the turbulent and unprincipled Gaston of Orleans, supplied Voltaire with a not improbable hypothesis as to the probable paternity of the captive; and undoubtedly this hypothesis would do much towards explaining the singular treatment he is known to have received.

It is evident that the Queen, under the supposed circumstances, would naturally cause her son to be brought up carefully, but at a distance from the Court, and in ignorance of his parentage. It is evident also that a monarch like Louis XIV., jealous above all things of his rank and prerogative, utterly selfish, and shrinking from the infliction of no amount of suffering in the care of his own interests, would, on learning, at a later period, that he had a brother, older than himself, probably resembling him in features and person, a brother who might not only cause a horrible scandal by showing himself to the world, but even endanger his crown by asserting his own legitimacy, and claiming the rights of primogeniture, be quite capable of causing that brother to be incarcerated for life, and of blotting out his existence from the knowledge of his contemporaries, while avoiding the actual crime of fratricide. The superstitious penitulances of the King with regard to everything connected with the etiquette he conceived to be due to the personal treatment of persons of royal blood, would explain the ceremonious respect, and the luxurious condition of daily life, accorded to this unfortunate victim of State policy. Testimony of no slight importance, and confirming Voltaire's views, as set forth in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, is adduced by M. Benoit in the following note, which he has appended to his edition of the works of Voltaire.

"One day, at the royal levee, a short time before his death, Louis XVIII. appeared absorbed in his own thoughts, as was often the case with him, when a conversation sprang up between the Count de Pastoret, one of the Chamberlains of the King, and one of his colleagues. M. de Pastoret warmly maintained the hypothesis of Voltaire. The King, as the discussion went on, seemed to rouse himself from his stupor, but said nothing. Next morning, at the levee, a fresh discussion was entered into by the same speakers on another controverted question of history, when M. de Pastoret was interrupted by the King, who remarked to him,

"Pastoret, you were right yesterday, but you are wrong to-day."

Notwithstanding the many weighty arguments that have been brought forward in favor of Voltaire's hypothesis—based, as he declares, on secret revelations made to him by persons of the highest rank—M. Girard has arrived, as already remarked, at another view of the question, whose correctness he most strenuously maintains, and which certainly explains more reasonably and completely than does the hypothesis of Voltaire, the seeming contradictions apparent in the treatment of the Man in the Iron Mask.

At the end of the last century, says M. Girard, certain copies were privately circulated of a letter, said to have been written by Mlle. de Valois, daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans, to the Duke de Richelieu, in which she stated that her father had revealed to her that the Man in the Iron Mask was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., born a few hours after him. This version of the affair is supported by various details given in the *Memoirs of Richelieu* published in 1790 by Soulaire, a work which contains many errors, but whose information on the subject of the famous captive whom we are considering, is strongly confirmed in other quarters. Soulaire affirms that a part of these details was derived from a statement drawn up by M. Saint-Mars, the Governor of the Captain, sometime before his death. And, singularly enough, after the Revolution of July, M. Auguste Billard, formerly Secretary General of the Ministry of the Interior, recovered, in a letter addressed by him to the *Review of the Historical Institute*, that, under the first Empire, he had in his hands a statement written by Saint-Mars himself relative to the secret mission which had been confided to him. This manuscript, taken from the archives of the office of the Minister of the Interior, had been lent, by M. de Hauterive, Guardian of the Archives, to M. de Montvalier, Minister of the Interior, to whose cabinet M. de Billard was attached. This latter gentleman affirms that no doubt can be raised as to the genuineness of this document, the paper, the writing, the style, all indicating that it really belongs to the age of Louis XIV. He gives the name of the clerk who made the copy retained by the minister, and adds that the son of M. de Montvalier was then in possession of the copy so obtained. He finishes his statement by asserting that two other persons, M. Goutault, Prefect of the Var, and M. Labiche, Chief of Division in the cabinet of the Minister of the Interior, had also read the manuscript of Saint-Mars.

A few years after this letter appeared, a copy of the statement of M. de Saint-Mars was offered to the editors of the *Memoirs of Every-body*, when in course of publication. This copy was at once submitted to M. Billard, who declared it to be a transcript, word for word, of the document which he had read in the original. The editors therefore felt justified in publishing it in their work, in the third volume of which it may be read at length. The following passages are extracted from it:

"The unfortunate Prince whom I have brought up, and guarded to the end of my days, was born the 5th of September, 1638, at half-past eight o'clock, while the King was at supper. His brother, the present King, was born at noon the same day while the King was at dinner. But just as the birth of the present King was brilliant and splendid, the birth of his brother was sad and secret. The King, informed by the midwife that the Queen was about to give birth to a second child, had ordered the Chancellor of France, the First Almoner, the Queen's confessor, and myself, as well as the midwife, to remain in her Majesty's chamber. He told us all in the Queen's presence, in order that she might hear the command, that we should compare himself with his brother, and see

birth of a second Dauphin, that he willed his birth to be kept a State-secret, the Salic Law making no provision for the inheritance of the kingdom in case of the birth of two eldest sons of the monarch.

"What had been predicted by the midwife came to pass, and the Queen gave birth to a second Dauphin, still prettier and better made than the one previously born; this latter Prince ceased not to cry and moan, as though he knew into what a life of suffering and denial he had entered. The Chancellor of France drew up the process-verbal of this marvellous birth, unique in our history; his Majesty was not satisfied with this document, and caused him to re-write it several times, until he was contented with it, burning the first copy, although the Almoner remonstrated on the subject, declaring that the King could not keep secret the birth of a Dauphin, to which the King replied that he had reasons of State for so doing.

"The King then made us all sign an oath that we would never divulge the birth of the last-born Prince; the Chancellor signed first, then the Almoner, then the Queen's confessor, and then I; the oath was also signed by the Queen's surgeon, and by the midwife; and the King attached this oath to the process-verbal, and carried away the document, of which I have never heard anything further. After this, the midwife took away the last-born Prince, whom she was charged to bring up; and as the King feared lest she should gossip about his birth, she has often told me that the King frequently threatened to put her to death if she ever divulged this secret; he also forbade the rest of us, who had witnessed his birth, to speak of this fact even between ourselves. Not one of us has hitherto broken this oath. The King had ordered us to make a thorough examination of the unhappy Prince, who had a mole above the left elbow, a yellow mark on the right side of the neck, and a still smaller mole on the thickest part of the right thigh; for his Majesty intended, in case the first-born Prince should die, to substitute in his place, the royal infant whose guardianship he confided to us; and for this cause he required our signature to the Registration of birth, which he sealed with a small royal seal, in my presence, which, as already said, we signed according to his majesty's order, and after him.

"As regards the childhood of the second-born Prince, Dame Peronette brought him up at first as though he were her own child; but he was thought to be the illegitimate child of some great nobleman, because it was clear from the great expense she was at for him, that he was the son of some very rich man, although not acknowledged.

"When the Prince grew older, monseigneur le Cardinal Mazarin, to whom was confided the direction of his education after monseigneur le Cardinal de Richelieu, placed him in my care, that I should educate and bring him up like a King's son, but in secret. Dame Peronette remained in his service until her death, being greatly attached to him, and he still more so to her. The Prince was taught in my house, in Burgundy, with all the care due to a King's son.

"I have had frequent conversations with the Queen-Mother during the troubles of the Fronde, and her Majesty appeared to me to fear that if ever the existence of this child should be known, during the life-time of his brother, the young King, certain miscontents might make it a pretext for getting up a revolt, as many doctors think that the last born of two twins is in reality the older, and that therefore this captive Prince should be rightful King, though other doctors give a contrary opinion. This fear, however, could never induce her to destroy the written proofs of the young Prince's birth; because, if the young King had died, she intended to make the Prince King in his room, although she had another son. She often told me that she preserved these written proofs in her casket.

"I gave to the unfortunate Prince all the education I should have wished to receive myself; and no Prince in the world ever had a better. The only thing with which I have to reproach myself, is that I made him unhappy without intending to do so; for, as he was seized, about the age of nineteen, with a strange desire to know who he was, overwhelming me with questions upon the subject; and as I showed myself more resolutely silent, the more he implored me to tell him his history, he resolved thenceforth to hide his curiosity, and to make me believe that he was my own. Often, when we were alone, and he called me his father, told him that he was mistaken; but I no longer opposed the sentiments which he affected to feel towards me, perhaps in order to induce me to speak, I allowing him to fancy himself my son, and his resting in that idea, but still seeking some means of ascertaining who he was.

"Two years had passed thus, when an unfortunate piece of imprudence on my part, for which I reproached myself bitterly, revealed to the King in part who he was. He knew that the King frequently sent me messengers; and one day I had the misfortune to leave open the casket in which I kept the letters from the Queen and the Cardinal. He read a part of them, and guessed the contents of the rest with his usual penetration, confessing to me afterwards that he had possessed himself of the letter which was the most expressive with regard to his birth.

"Several Colonels of Swiss regiments are com-

promised in a conspiracy against the Crown Prince, [supposed to mean of Naples.]

ALEXANDRIA, May 20.—The Emperor and his troops are in perfect health. The harvest is begun, and the crops are abundantly supplied. The plague is in high spirits.

BONN, Saturday, May 20.—Advices from Florence say that Russia, Prussia, England, and Turkey have not recognized the Provisional Government of Tuscany, and their representatives are said to have withdrawn their legations. The report is denied.

An Austrian war steamer had cannonaded Cannobio, on Lake Maggiore, but without much effect.

At Como the National Guards mobilized, and an artillery force was organized, and volunteers were hastening to increase the militia. The national movement was spreading, and the town of Lecco had declared itself free.

The Austrians, in considerable force, had oc-

cupied Dogali.

PARIS, May 20.—The "Pays" says that the

Austrians quitted Prataglia yesterday and re-entered Lombardy.

The same journal states that England is en- deavoring to renew diplomatic relations with Naples, but only on condition that France will simultaneously do the same.

Several Colonels of Swiss regiments are com-

promised in a conspiracy against the Crown Prince, [supposed to mean of Naples.]

ALEXANDRIA, May 20.—The Emperor and

his troops are in perfect health. The harvest is

begun, and the crops are abundantly supplied.

The plague is in high spirits.

BONN, Saturday, May 20.—Advices from Flo-

rence say that Russia, Prussia, England,

and Turkey have not recognized the Provi-

isional Government of Tuscany, and their rep-

resentatives are said to have withdrawn their

legations. The report is denied.

The demand for silver for the East has re-

vised.

The remittances to be made on the 4th of June are expected to be larger than of late.

The building of an iron ram screw frigate of 6,000 tons is to be commenced during next week.

The London Post, in replying to some state-

ments charging Lord Palmerston and John Russell with being actuated by rivalry says, that if the Liberal party cannot act unitedly, the fault will not rest with its chiefs.

The Times says that the report that Monsieur Berthold is about to leave Paris on an Extraordinary Commission to the German Confederation tends to strengthen the suspicion of a possible compromise at no distant day, through the agency of Prussia.

Portugal has declared its neutrality.

The Austrians profess satisfaction at the result of the battle. Gen. Gyulai reports that his loss was 250 killed, 718 wounded, and 280 missing. He says the French force numbered 40,000, but they abstained from all pursuit. Count Stadion, Commander of the Austrian forces, was wounded during the battle. Some of the French authorities still assert that there was not much over 4,000 French engaged in the battle—other estimates place the number at 12,000.

The Emperor has addressed to Gen. Gyulai an autograph letter, expressing to him and the troops in general his Majesty's thanks for their remarkable valor.

The letter also directs a list of all the killed and wounded to be drawn up, in order that their names may be made known in their respective houses.

There were popular risings in some parts of Parma in favor of the Sardinian cause.

A vague rumor had obtained circulation via Vienna, that Gortschakoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, had resigned, because the Emperor refused to carry out his engagements with France.

In England the Derby Ministers had issued a strong appeal to their Parliamentary supporters for their early attendance to meet the opposition movement.

The English Hussars had received and ad-

dressed the names of the great bodies of State. She said she placed full dependence on the patriotic of the Deputies, and upon the support of the entire nation, which, during the absence of the chosen chief, would never be found wanting to a woman and her child. The speech was loudly cheered.

The Paris

WHO TOOK IT?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "THE RED COURT FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Most men have their romance in life, earlier or later. Mine had come in due course, and she who made it for me was Annabel Brightman. The first time I ever saw her was an epoch in my life; not because I made acquaintance with her, but because Mr. Brightman had invited me to his house, an honor never before accorded to any clerk in his office, whether paid clerk or articled, and which I thought amazingly great. I was just twenty, with prospects rather uncertain as to the future, for it had not occurred to my ambition then, that I should ever be made Mr. Brightman's partner.

It was on Easter Sunday. The evening previous, it happened that I had remained later than the other clerks, to finish something in hand. I had just done it, and was shutting my desk in the front office on the ground floor, when Mr. Brightman came down stairs to leave, and looked in.

"Not gone yet?"

"I am going now, sir. I have only just finished."

"Are you one of those coming on Monday?" continued Mr. Brightman.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Leonard told me I might take a holiday, but I did not care about it, so I am coming as usual. I have no friends to spend it with, and it would not be much of a holiday to me."

Mr. Brightman paused and looked at me. I was gathering the pens together. "Have you no friends to dine with to-morrow?"

"No, sir; at least, I am not asked anywhere. I think I shall go for a blow up the river."

"A blow up the river," repeated Mr. Brightman. "Don't you go to church?" he added, after a pause.

"Always. I go to the Temple. I meant in the afternoon, sir."

"Well, if you have no friends to dine with, you may come and dine with me! It's Easter Sunday. Come down when church is over; you can get an omnibus at London bridge, or at Charing-cross."

Be very sure I did not fail to go some of the clerks would have given their ears for the invitation. Mr. Brightman's residence, near Clapham, was a handsome enclosed villa, with fine pleasure grounds. He lived in good style, keeping seven or eight servants and two carriages, an open and a close one; sometimes he drove up to town in the former, but not often. It was a well appointed house inside, full of comfort, or, as I thought, luxury. Mr. Brightman was on the lawn when I entered.

"Well, Charles! I began to think you late."

"I walked down, sir. The two first omnia buses were full, so I would not wait."

"Rather a long walk," remarked Mr. Brightman, "but it's what I should have done myself when my legs were young. Dinner will be ready soon. We dined at three on Sundays, which allows ourselves and the servants to attend evening service as well as morning."

He had been walking towards the house as he spoke, and we went in. The drawing and dining rooms opened on either side of a spacious hall; in the former was seated Mrs. Brightman. I had seen her occasionally at the office, mostly in her carriage at the door, for she rarely entered, but I had never spoken to her. She was considerably younger than her husband, for he had married late in life, and was very handsome, of bold, haughty manners. "Here is Charles Strange at last," Mr. Brightman said to her as we entered, and she replied by a slight bend, but whether in answer to him or greeting to me, was only known to herself.

"Where is Annabel?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"She is gone dancing away somewhere," was Mrs. Brightman's reply. "I never saw such a child; she's not five minutes together in one place."

Presently she came in. A graceful, pretty child, apparently about twelve, dressed in light blue silk. She wore her brown hair in curls round her head, and they flew about as she flew, and the bright color rose in her cheeks with every word she uttered, and her eyes were like her father's, dark, tender, and expressive. Not the least resemblance could I trace to her mother.

We had a plain dinner; a quarter of lamb, vegetables, tarts and creams. Mr. Brightman did not exactly apologize for it, but he explained that on Sundays they had a little cooking as possible. But it was handsomely served, and there were two or three sorts of wine, and three servants waited at table, two in livery and the butler in plain clothes.

Some little time after it was over, Mr. Brightman left the room, and Mrs. Brightman, without the least ceremony, leaned back in an easy chair and closed her eyes. I said something to the child; she did not answer, but came to me on tiptoe.

"If we talk, mamma will be angry," she whispered; "she never lets me make a noise while she goes to sleep. Would you like to go out on the lawn? we may talk there."

I nodded, and Annabel silently opened and passed out at one of the French windows, holding it back for me, and then I as silently closed it. "Take care it is quite shut," she said, "or the draught may get to mamma. Papa is gone to his parlor to smoke his cigar," she continued, "and we shall have coffee when mamma awakes. We do not take tea until after church. Shall you go to church with us?"

"I dare say I shall. Do you go?"

"Of course I do. My governess tells me never to miss church twice on Sundays, unless there is very good cause, and then things will go well with me in the week; and if I wished to stay at home, papa would not let me. Once, do you know, I made an excuse to stay away from morning service; I said my head ached badly, though it did not; it was to read a book that had been lent me, the 'Old English Baron,' and which I feared my governess would not let me read, if she saw it, because it was about

ghosts, so I had only the Sunday to read it in. Well, do you know, that next week, nothing went right with me; my lessons were turned back, and my drawing was spoilt, and my French mistress tore my translation in two.— Oh dear! It was nothing but sounding and crossbones; so at last, on the Saturday, I burst into tears and told Miss Shelley about staying away from church and the false excuse. But she was so kind she would not punish me, for she said I had had a whole week of punishment."

"Of all the little chatters!" I thought to myself. "Is Miss Shelley your governess now?" I asked her.

"Yes; but her mother is an invalid, so mamma allows her to go home every Saturday night and come back on Monday morning. Mamma says it is much more pleasant to have Sunday to ourselves, but I like Miss Shelley very much, and should be dull without her, if papa were not at home. I do love Sundays, because papa's here. Did you ever read the 'Old English Baron'?"

"No."

"Shall I lend it to you to take home?" returned Annabel, her bright cheek glowing and her eyes sparkling. "I have it for my own now; it is such a nice book! Have your sisters read it? Perhaps you have no sisters!"

"I have no sisters, and my father and mother are dead. I have one brother, but he lives abroad."

"Oh, dear, how sad!" cried Annabel, clasping her hands. "Not to have a father and mother! Who do you live with?"

"I live in lodgings."

She stood looking at me with her earnest, thoughtful eyes, thoughtful then.

"Then who wears the buttons on your shirts?"

I burst out laughing; the reader may have done the same.

"My landlady professes to sew them on, Annabel, but they often go buttonless; sometimes I sew them on myself."

"If you had one off now, and it were not Sunday, I would sew it on for you," said Annabel. "Why do you laugh?"

"At your concern about shirt buttons, my dear little girl."

"But there's a gentleman who lives in lodgings comes here sometimes to dine with papa; he's older than you; and he says it is the worst trouble of life to have nobody to sew his buttons on. Who takes care of you if you are ill?" she added, after another pause.

"As there is no one to take care of me, I cannot afford to be ill, Annabel. I am generally very well."

"Oh, I am glad of that. Was your father a lawyer, like papa?"

"No. He was a clergyman."

"Oh, don't turn back," interrupted Annabel, "I want you to see my birds. We have an aviary, and they are so beautiful. Papa lets me call them mine, and some of them are mine in reality, for they were bought for me."

"Presently I asked Annabel her age.

"Fourteen."

"Fourteen!" I exclaimed.

"I was fourteen in January. Mamma says I never ought to tell my age, for people will only think me the more childish; but papa says I may tell it to you."

She was, in truth, a child for her years; at least, as years are counted now. She flew about showing me everything, her frock, her curles, and her eyes dancing; from the aviary to the fowls, from the fowls to the flowers; all innocent objects of her daily pleasures, innocent as she was.

We went to church in the evening, ourselves, and the servants behind us. Afterwards we had tea, and then I rose to depart. Mr. Brightman walked with me across the lawn, and we had nearly reached the iron gates when we heard swift steps and words behind us. "Papa! papa! Is he gone?" Is Mr. Strange gone?"

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"I promised to lead Mr. Strange this; it is the 'Old English Baron.' He has never read it."

"There, run back," said Mr. Brightman, as I turned and took the book from her, "you will catch cold."

"What a nice child she is, sir!" I could not help exclaiming.

"She is that," he replied. "A true child of nature, knowing no harm and thinking none. Mrs. Brightman complains that her ideas and manners are so unformed, there's no style about her, she says, no reserve; but in my opinion that ought to constitute a child's chief charm. All Annabel's parts are good; of sense, intellect, talent, she possesses her full share; and I am thankful that they are not prematurely developed; I am thankful," he repeated with emphasis, "that she is not a forward child. In my young days, girls were girls, but now there is not such a thing to be found; they are all women. I do not admire forced commodity myself; forced vegetables, forced fruit, forced children; they are good for little. A genuine child, such as Annabel, is a treasure gone!"

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Brightman.

"Do Mr. Strange live here?" was asked, when the door was opened.

"Yes, he does," responded Leah. "He's out."

"Oh, I don't want him, ma'am. I only wanted to know if he did live here. What sort of a man is he?"

"What sort of a man?" repeated Leah; "a very nice man."

"Yes, but it looks, I mean."

"Well, he's good-looking. Blue eyes and dark hair. Why do you want to know?"

"Ay, that's him; but I don't know about the color of his eyes, I thought they was dark. Blue in one light and brown in another, maybe. I've heared of such. A tall, thinish man."

"He's tall; not what can be called a maypole, but still tall. Taller than Mr. Brightman was."

"Brightman and Strange, ain't it?" "Tother's an old gent, I suppose," was the next remark, while I stood, amused at the colloquy.

"He wasn't over old; he's just dead. Have you any message to leave?"

"No, I don't want to leave no message; that ain't my business. He told me as he lived here, and I wanted to make sure as he did. He's a social, pleasant man, isn't he?"

"Wonderful pleasant," returned Leah.

"Not got a bit of pride about him with those he knows, whether it's friends or servants. Mr. Brightman was uncomme fond of him."

"Needn't say no more, ma'am; he's the same cove. Takes a short pipe and a social dram, and makes no bones over it."

"What?" retorted Leah, indignantly, "Mr. Strange doesn't take drama and smoke short pipes; he wouldn't demean himself to neither. If he just lights a cigar at night, when business is over, it's as much as he does. He's a gentleman."

"Ah," returned the visitor, his tone expressing a patronizing sort of contempt for Leah's belief in Mr. Strange, "gent's as gent's in doors, ain't always gent's out. Though I don't see as a man need be reproached with not being a gent, because he smokes a honest clay pipe, and takes a drop short; and Mr. Strange does both, I can tell ye."

"Indeed I cannot," she answered, "and you know I am not use to refuse from caprice. Let me go, Charles; I must make the tea."

I did let her go; but I beat over her first, without warning, and kissed her fervently.

"Oh, Charles!"

"As an earnest of a brother's love and care for you, Annabel," I whispered; "if you object to the present to the other."

"Yes, yes, do be a brother to me," she returned, in a strange tone of yearning. "No other tie can be ours."

"Then I know he doesn't," repeated Leah. "And if you knew Mr. Strange, you wouldn't say it."

as I stood before him. But I took courage to put a bold question.

"Sir, every year that passes over our heads will lessen that objection. Will there be any other?"

"Hold your tongue, Charles. Time enough to talk of these things when the years have passed. You are over young, I say."

"I am twenty-five, sir; and Miss Brightman

"What's twenty-five?" he interrupted. "I was between forty and fifty when I thought of marriage. Now don't go turning Annabel's head with visions of what years may bring forth, for if you do I will not continue to invite you here. Do you hear? Time enough for that."

But there was sufficient in Mr. Brightman's manner to show that he had not been blind to the attachment that was springing up between us; and that he did not regard me as the future husband of his daughter.

Annabel did not answer, and I looked up.

"Why, I say as he comes after our betsy. And that's why I wanted to know whether this was his house or not—for I'm not a going to have her played with; she's our only daughter, and as good as he is. And now, as I've got my information, I'll say good-night, ma'am."

Leah shut the door, and I opened mine.

"Who was that, Leah?"

"Good patience, sir!" she exclaimed in her astonishment. "I thought you were out, sir."

"I came in again. Who was that at the door?"

"Who's to know who it was?" cried Leah.

"Some brandy-and-water-faced man, who had mistaken the house. You must have heard what he said, sir."

"I heard."

Leah turned away, but came back hesitatingly, a wistful expression in her eyes. I believe she looked upon me almost with a mother's feeling; I am sure she cared for me as one. In my boyhood she had taken me to task and given me good advice often.

"It is not true, Mr. Charles?"

"Of course it is not true, Leah. I neither

take drams short, nor go courting Miss Betsy."

"I'm an old fool; and I should just like to wring that man's tongue, for his impudence!" exclaimed Leah, as she returned up stairs.

"I am sorry you should have had the trouble to come," she said, "when perhaps you could not spare the time. Mamma is not well enough to see you."

"I was not busy to-night, Annabel. Is Mrs. Brightman's illness serious?"

"Yes—no—I hope not."

Her voice and manner appeared excessively subdued, as if she could scarcely speak for tears. She turned to busy herself with the tea-cups, evidently with a view to evade my notice.

"What is the matter, Annabel?"

"Nothing," she faintly said, though the tears were even then dropping from her eyes. I had seen her several times since Mr. Brightman's death, and could make allowance for her grief, but this looked different, like trouble.

"If you could get her to drink a cup, it might do her good," pursued Hatch's young master.

Hatch whirled round, giving me a full view of her streamers, and brought forward a small silver waiter.

"But 'twon't be of no manner of use, Miss Annabel."

"Here's some tea, Hatch," cried I.

"Toast, sir! Missis wouldn't look at it. I might as well offer her a piece of figgy-rubbin to eat. Miss Annabel knows—"

"The tea will be cold, Hatch; take it at once," was the interposed command of Miss Annabel.

"Annabel, who is attending your mamma?"

"Mr. Close. She will never have any one else. I fear mamma must have been ailing some time; but I have been so much away that it had escaped my notice."

"Ay; Hastings and your aunt will miss you; for I suppose Mrs. Brightman will

when we gathered that it was master's ghost, which she had seen, appearing in its shroud, in the corner by the wardrobe, the women servants set up a loud crying, and cook went into hysterics, and was sick when we got her down stairs again."

"What was done with Mrs. Brightman?"

"Miss Brightman—she seemed terrified out of her senses, too—took me to fetch Mr. Close; but Hatch put in her word and stopped me, and said, first get them shrieking women down stairs. So I took cook, and John took Sarah, and the kitchen-maid tumbled down after us in the best way she could, a-laying hold of our coat tails—the coachman was round in the stables and knew nothing about it. By-and-by, down comes Hatch, and said Mr. Close was not to be fetched, her missis wouldn't have him; what good could a doctor do in a ghost affair? cried she. But this morning Mrs. Brightman seemed so exhausted that Miss Annabel sent for him."

"Mrs. Brightman must have had a dream, Perry."

"Well, sir, I don't know, it might have been; but missis isn't one given to dreams and fancies. And she must have had the same dream again now."

"Not unlikely. But there's no ghost, Perry, take my word for it."

"I hope it will be found so, sir," returned Perry, shaking his head as he retired; for the carpet was dry, and he had no further pretext for lingering.

I stood, buried in thought. It was inexplicable that a woman, in this age of enlightenment, moving in Mrs. Brightman's station of life, could, by any possibility, yield to so strange a delusion. But, allowing that she had done so, was this an explanation of Annabel's deep-seated grief? allowing that Annabel yielded to it—which was altogether an absurd supposition—was that an explanation of the remark that her grief would end but with her life; or of the hint that she could never be mine? And why should she have refused to confide these facts to me? why, indeed, should she have prevented my going up-stairs? I might have calmed and reassured Mrs. Brightman far more effectually than Hatch; who, by Perry's account, was one of the ghost-believers. It was totally past comprehension, and I was trying hard at a solution when Hatch came in.

"Miss Brightman's compliments, sir, and will you excuse her coming down again to-night; she's not equal to seeing nobody. And she says truth, poor child," added Hatch, "for she's quite done over."

"How is your mistress, Hatch?"

"Oh, she's better, she is. Her nerves have been shook, sir, of late, you know, through master's death, and in course, she starts at shudders. I won't leave the room again, without the gas a burning full on."

"What's this talk about Mr. Brightman?"

Hatch swung round herself and her streamers, and closed the door before answering.

"Miss Brightman never told you that; did she, sir?"

"I may have gathered a word from the servants, when they were congregated in the hall; and a nod's as good as a wink, you know, to a blind horse. You fancy you saw a ghost?"

"Missis do."

"Oh, I thought you did also."

"I just believe it's a fancy of hers, and nothing more," returned Hatch, confidentially. "If master had been a bad sort of character, or had hung himself, or anything of that, why the likelihood is, as he would have walked, dying sudden; but being what he was, a gentleman as went to church, and said his own prayers to himself at home on his knees, regular—which I see him a doing of once, when I went bolt into his dressing closet, not knowing he was in it—why 'taint likely as it's his ghost as comes. I don't say so to them in the kitchen; better let 'em be frightened at his ghost than at—anybody else's. I wish it were master's ghost, and nothing worse," abruptly concluded Hatch.

"Nothing worse! Some of you would think that bad enough, were it possible that it did appear."

"Yes, sir, ghosts is bad enough, no doubt. But realities is worse."

So it was of no use waiting.

"Tell Miss Brightman I will come down to-morrow night to see how Mrs. Brightman is."

"Yes, do; you had better," cried Hatch, who had a habit, not arising from want of respect, but from her long and confidential services, and in the plenitude of her attachment, of identifying herself with the family in the most unscrupulous way. "Miss Annabel's life hasn't been a bed of roses since this ghost came, and I'm afraid it isn't like to be, and if there's anybody as can say a word to comfort her, it's you, sir; for in course I've not had my eyes quite blinded. Eyes is eyes, sir, and has got sight in 'em, and we can't always shut 'em, if we would."

I went into the hall when the speech was half over, and Hatch followed me to finish it, when at that same moment Annabel flew down the stairs to the first landing, within our view, her voice literally harsh with terror.

"Hatch! Hatch! mamma is frightened again!"

Hatch bounded up, three stairs at a time, and I after her. Mrs. Brightman had followed Annabel, and now stood outside her chamber door in her white night-dress, shaking violently.

"He's watching me," she shrieked out—he's standing there in his grave clothes!"

"Don't you come," cried Hatch, pushing back Annabel, "I shall get missis round best alone; I'm not afraid of no ghosts, not I. Give a look to her, sir," she added, pointing to Annabel, as she drew Mrs. Brightman into her chamber, and fastened the door.

Annabel, her hands clasped on her chest, shook as she stood. I put my arm round her waist and took her to the drawing-room. The servants, servants like, were peeping from the passage, leading to their apartments. I shut the door, and shut them out, and Annabel sat down on the sofa near the fire.

"My darling, how can I comfort you?"

A burst of grief came, grief that I had rarely witnessed; the servants must have heard her sobs, had they listened. Let it spend itself;

THE VEILED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Here was the quiet nature
Of hidden hopes and fears,
That one of joys unspoken,
That one of unshed tears.

And in the brooding spirit,
His coming had unsealed
The fountain whose existence
Its flowing first revealed.

How warm the living waters
From silent depths uprose,
How free their gurgled fulness
Overflowed that secret soul!

How thrilled the dark recesses
To feel the quick'ning flow,
How sweet the chimes of echoes
Rang softly to and fro!

What high destroying angel
Poured out upon the flood
His deadly golden vial,
And made the waters blood?

Ah! who these things shall fathom:
The voiceless bites divine.
The unknown woe, the anguish?
She "died," and gave no sign."

E. MACEY.

THE HEAD OF MY PROFESSION. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

At Brussels, the game began. There were hundreds of wealthy Englishmen there, and there were the usual number of sharks of all nations assembled to prey upon them. I was well received, and was, I believe, set down in many a private memorandum as a pigeon easy to be plucked. Crammel managed his affairs with consummate address. He gave the signal for me to lose almost constantly, day after day, even when I knew that he had heavy bets depending on my play, and though he had to pay my own losses as well as his. I could not understand it, and one night, after a repetition of the enigma, begged an explanation. He then informed me that the supposed losses he had endured were to confederates—the real ones being my own small stakes—and that I should see the result of this policy very soon.

"Mr. Close is a—practitioner not worth a rush," cried I, suppressing what had been at my tongue's end. "So he knows of this?"

"Yes, Hatch told him."

"He will observe discretion, I suppose. But you must have a clever physician from town, and without delay."

"But mamma will not."

"Your mamma is scarcely in a state to express a will upon the point."

"She is in the day. With the morning light—"

"I understand. With the morning light those fancies subside, and she is herself again."

"Yes, that is to her," Annabel continued, hastily.

"I spoke to her this morning, about calling in a physician, and she angrily forbade it. It was only nervous depression, she said, and would wear off. I don't know what to do for the best. And now, Charles, if you will excuse me, I must go up again."

I rose, as she did.

"I shall be down to-morrow evening, Annabel, to see how things are going on."

"Had you—better come?" she said, in very much hesitation.

"Yes, Annabel, I had better come," I firmly said. "And I cannot understand why you should wish me not—as I can see you do."

"Only—if mamma should be ill again—it is so uncomfortable. I dare say you never finished your tea," she added, glancing at the table. All trivial excuses, to conceal the real and inexplicable motive, I felt certain.

"Good night, Charles."

She held out her hand to me. I did not take it; I took her instead, and held her to my heart.

"You are not yourself to-night, Annabel, for there is some further mystery behind yet, and you will not tell it me; but the time will soon come, my dearest, when our mysteries and our sorrows must be in common."

And all the answer I received was a look of despair.

In going through the iron gates, I met Mr. Close. He knew me by the light of the gas-lamp, and stopped, for we had met occasionally.

"How is Mrs. Brightman?" he asked.

"Very poorly. Have you any apprehension that her illness is serious?"

"Well—no," said he, "not immediately so. Of course, it will tell upon her in the long run."

"She has had another attack of nervous ter-

rora to-night; in fact, two."

"Ay, seen the ghost again, I suppose. I suspected she would, so I thought I'd just call in."

"Would it not be as well—excuse me, Mr. Close, but you are aware how intimately connected I was with Mr. Brightman—to call a consultation? Not that we have the slightest reason to doubt your skill and competency, but it appears to be so singular a malady; and in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, you know."

"It is the most common malady we have to deal with," returned he. "Let a consultation take place, if you deem it more satisfactory, but it won't be productive of the least benefit, for the whole faculty combined could do nothing more for her than I am doing. It's a lamentable disease, but it is one that must run its course."

He went on, to the house, and I got on to an omnibus that was passing, and lighted my cigar, more at sea than ever. If the seeing ghosts was the most common malady doctors have to deal with, where had I lived all my life not to have heard it?

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Posse.—We not uncommonly have some rather strange questions put to us by correspondents, but we believe that none of ours will compare with the following, which we extract from the Manchester Guardian:—A correspondent, under the appropriate signature of "A Blackburnian Ignoramus," sends us the following question, which we must confess is a poser:—"Had George the First's grandmother ten children at one birth—and was George the First one of them—and is (or was) that family called the family of wheelps (query, Gudlups?) on that account?"

"He's watching me," she shrieked out—he's standing there in his grave clothes!"

"Don't you come," cried Hatch, pushing back Annabel, "I shall get missis round best alone; I'm not afraid of no ghosts, not I. Give a look to her, sir," she added, pointing to Annabel, as she drew Mrs. Brightman into her chamber, and fastened the door.

Annabel, her hands clasped on her chest, shook as she stood. I put my arm round her waist and took her to the drawing-room. The servants, servants like, were peeping from the passage, leading to their apartments. I shut the door, and shut them out, and Annabel sat down on the sofa near the fire.

"My darling, how can I comfort you?"

A burst of grief came, grief that I had rarely witnessed; the servants must have heard her sobs, had they listened. Let it spend itself;

see of the expedition. On my part, I had given him no cause of complaint, feeling too well that I was in power; but that I thoroughly hated and detested him, he knew as well as possible. Perhaps it was with some idea of appeasing my hatred that he informed me, as we were approaching the French capital, that it was his intention to double my salary this third year, if I answered his expectations.

"And what are they?" I asked, curiously.

"Increased caution and self-restraint," he said. "Paris is the grand field of operations. I should have taken you there at once, had you been seven years older; the two years' experience you have had elsewhere should have taught you the value of reserve. If you have learned that, we shall do well; if not, we shall be soon blown, and success will be doubtful."

I knew what he meant, and, for my own sake, I treasured the hint, though I made some ungracious reply.

At Paris, my valet, according to his instructions, took apartments in the Champs Elysées, and hired me a handsome brougham. Instead of first frequenting the gambling-rooms, I allowed myself to be enticed thither by others. I pretended to know only the English game, and for some time would play no other. Then I grew fanatic for the French game, and learned that, and played it with all the airs of a novice, losing generally, and winning by accident, when my patron gave the signal. He had now several confederates, his creatures, who played into his hands, and shared his gains, which at times were beyond all former precedent. When my salary became due, he doubled it according to his promise, without any expression of gratitude on my part, and the absence of which did not appear to surprise him in the least.

The position I had assumed in Paris enabled me to keep aloof from the gambling crowd, and materially helped him carrying out his plans. An act of imprudence of mine, however, at this time, almost entirely defeated them, and altered the complexion of his schemes. One morning, while lounging along the Boulevards, and peering into the shops for some new fashions—I had become an ardent fan by this time—I stumbled suddenly upon my old Bath friend and quondam schoolfellow, Ned B——. He was overcome beyond expression to see me, and, as it very soon appeared, not without reason. I saw the moment with the blue-devils, and getting the worst of the strife, and I naturally inquired what was the nature of his grievance.

He replied with a groan and an ejaculation of thankfulness at having fallen in with me. Then seizing me by the arm, he lunged me off into a private room of a neighboring estaminet, and, bolting the door, began his tale of woes.

The burden of the whole was, that he had fallen into the hands of a cunning professor of our common craft, whom he had mistaken for a pigeon, and who, according to the stereotyped system, had led him on by first allowing him to win—had turned the tables on him at the critical moment, and had on the night last past plundered him to the tune of four hundred sterling, promising him his revenge at the next meeting. B——'s eyes were opened now that it was too late, and his money nearly all gone. He saw his master in the wily Austrian, and was convinced that if he played again, it would be but to increase his losses. He was at his wits' end when he met me. I was the only man who could help him. Would I take his place that night—engage the Austrian and win back the money?

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but I doubted whether his antagonist would be willing to play with a stranger for such sums as B—— had lost.

"There is no fear of that," said B——.

"We can lead him into it easily enough. Will you come?"

I could not refuse, and therefore I despatched a note to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B——, I handed him a note in payment, and despatched him to Crammel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B—— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat

thing was so difficult, so apparently impossible, that the spectators did not suspect foul-play—none of them, with the exception of Mortier, who, having already his suspicions aroused, was now convinced of the justice of them, as well as enraged to madness at the heavy losses he had incurred. With a countenance livid with fury, he rushed towards Meagher, and yelling a desperate oath, dealt him a savage blow on the face.

A horrid scene ensued. The Irishman flew at the aggressor's throat, and would have strangled him on the spot but for the interference of a dozen strong arms, which tore him away. Freed from all control of himself, he burst out with a torrent of invective, abuse, and rabid curse, and leaping on the table, called heaven and earth to witness that he would not move them without the heart's blood of the villain that had struck him. Mortier at first responded only by a sarcastic sneer, and turned his back upon him. But the Irish blood was not to be appalled. Branding his patron as coward, and leaping on him the foulest charges, Meagher continued to denounce him as robber, assassin, traitor, and *forçat*, and called on the company to listen while he gave them the veritable history of the monster.

Mortier, who had started at the word *forçat*, again winced, and turning sharply round, "Let us have weapons," he said; "the fool shall have his way!" Springing on the table, he folded his arms, and awaited the issue with a suppressed eagerness which showed deep

should be his revenge.

Applause were brought; it was notified to both

of the combatants, that if either of them quit

the table, he would be instantly disarmed,

held to be defeated, and incapable of resuming

the strife. Then M. Florian drew a chalk-line

across the centre of the cloth—the weapons

were delivered to each, and the duel began.

Meagher, to whom the delay had afforded a moment for reflection, which he had wasted in fuming and stamping, advanced boldly to the encounter. Mortier, who was the shorter by nearly a head, instead of opposing him in the usual attitude, stood bent forward in a half-circle, with his rapier-point quivering above his head. Some rapid passes took place, and Mortier was seen to be bleeding from two slight wounds; but he was cool and wary in proportion to the peril—parried the deadly dings of his tall foe with unvarying certainty, and, at length, springing forward within his guard, instantly shortened his weapon, and thrust it sheer through the breast of the poor Irishman, who leaped with a wild cry into the air, and fell on the table a corpse.

Paralyzed at the sight, I was gazing horribly at the lifeless body, when I felt a hand grasping my shoulder; it was Crammel.

"We must to cover," he said; "the police will be here in a minute, and you will gain nothing by their courtesy, you may depend upon it."

That was the last game of billiards I ever played to the benefit of Louis Cronnel, who, at my request, paid me off the same night, giving me to understand that he knew I had played him false, but that having taken his measures accordingly, I had not injured him, though I had intended to do so. I reproached him in my turn with his systematic and cold-blooded malice and falsehood—and we parted.

Mortier got a sentence of a year's imprisonment for the duel, one month of which he actually suffered. Poor Meagher was buried as a Russian officer, and was registered at Peters in Chains under the name of Mearowitz. M. Florian and I divided his effects between us, and I had seven thousand francs for my share of Mortier's losses, all of which were ultimately paid. How this sum and much more which I had gained over the devil's back was subsequently dissipated, it bate not the reader to know. Poverty, the ultimate lot of nearly all gamblers, has been mine for many a weary year. With mature age, came dyspepsia and nervousness, and then all reliance on my skill as a billiard player vanished. Of all accomplishments, this is the one that requires the most perfect condition of the physical faculties, and no man who is conscious that he possesses either nervous system or ventral organs, need expect to excel in it.

My confessions may well end here.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Attorney General had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproof, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honorable Privy Council. That this patriot would be produced before them. That his position and attitude were, the whole, sublime. That he had been the prisoner's friend, but, at once in an amorous and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. If such were deserved in Britain, as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so deceived, he probably would not have one. That Virtue, as had been observed by

the poets (in many passages which he well knew the jury would have, word for word, at the tips of their tongues; whereas the jury's countenance displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages), was in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtues known as patriotism, or love of country. That the lofty example of this immediate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to refer to whom, however unworthy was an honest, had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disengagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he preferred him to his (Mr. Attorney-General's) brothers and sisters, and honored him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of His Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habilitarily conveyed such information to a hostile power. That those lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his accusations. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as they knew they were), must positively find the prisoner guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That they never could lay their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows; that they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr. Attorney General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of every thing he could think of with a round turn in it, and on the faith of his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blinflies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor General then, following his lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described to be—he perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself; but that the wiggled gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wiggled gentleman sitting opposite, still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant! Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtor's prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtor's prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not, once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated bar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packet? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew no more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expect to get anything by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay trap? Oh dear no. Or to do anything? Oh dear no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to those in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver teapot; he had been maligned respecting a mustard pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious. Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was his only motive too. He was a true Briton, and hoped there were many like him.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of high-waymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"Happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night!"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa almost from shore to shore."

"Miles Manette!"

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve her to remain quite still. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden, and his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the color rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh, most unhappily, I am."

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge, as he said, something fiercely:

"Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him, as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued, and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's sake, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

THE FORT HAMILTON MYSTERY.

The New York papers give the following account of the murder or suicide of Mrs. Fanny Deane Halsey, actress and Shakespeare reader, of that city:

Superintendent Carpenter visited Bay Ridge yesterday morning in company with Mr. Henry Halsey, to identify the body of the woman found floating in the water near Fort Hamilton, supposed to be that of Mrs. Fannie Deane Halsey. The husband recognized it at once.— He was afterward conducted back to this city, and kept in custody on suspicion of being in some manner accessory to her death.

Mr. Halsey is an Englishman, respectably connected, and has held a commission in the Hussars as first Lieutenant. He was a patron of the turf and gambling house, lost heavily and was compelled to fly his country to escape creditors. He was intimate with Mr. Field, one of the husbands of Lola Montez. He was thus introduced to Messrs. Stuart, Lester and Wallack, and thus to Miss Deane. He has followed no business, but relied on remittances, &c., for his maintenance. It is represented that his devotion to the gambling table was such that he would be absent from home all night, neglecting his wife; that he pawned her clothes and jewelry, and that he induced her to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Wells, with a view to securing money.

Mr. Halsey states that he first saw Miss Fannie Deane at Wallack's Theatre, in February, 1857; was attracted by her and married her six weeks afterward; that they had lived happily together; that he had induced her to leave the stage, but being in straitened circumstances, had been compelled to consent to her re-appearance in public. On last Wednesday morning, he presented her with money to purchase a pair of garters, and left the house; but returning two hours afterward, found her writing a letter, which, exciting his suspicions, he compelled her to give it up, and found that it was addressed to Mr. Henry P. Wells, contractor of the Brooklyn Waterworks, appointing a meeting at an assignation house in Green street. He also obtained from her two other letters, written by Mr. Wells, from which he learned that the intimacy commenced about last Christmas, and that she had received considerable sums of money.

Mr. Halsey then caused his wife to write a confession of her correspondence and intimacy with Mr. Wells, and also to address that gentleman a letter, stating that she had confessed everything to her husband, and that their acquaintance must cease. This letter he took into his possession. He went to Bassford's billiard rooms, in Fulton street, where he remained till five o'clock, and then went over to the Pierrepont House, in Brooklyn, to find Mr. Wells. Not succeeding, he proceeded to the place of interview, in Green street, and remained watching two hours, when he went home to No. 111 Twelfth street, and learned that his wife had left the house in the afternoon, and had not returned. On Thursday noon he left notice of her disappearance at the police headquarters. He also sent word to Philadelphia, to see whether the disappearance had not some connection with a Virginian named Brown, who had, a year since, attempted to ingratiate himself into her favor, with some appearance of success. It was of opinion that she came to her death by suicide.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Mr. Wells has also been taken into custody. He denied, at first, any undue intimacy with the deceased, though afterward he made admissions of the fact. The theory of the police department is, that on Wednesday morning the allusion occurred between Mrs. Halsey and her husband, as represented by him, after which she went to Brooklyn to meet Mr. Wells. The next day Mrs. Deane also visited that gentleman, utterly distressed at her daughter's absence, who told her that Mrs. Halsey had probably gone away, utterly disgusted with her husband's conduct. It will be remembered that Mrs. Deane stated to the officers that Mr. Halsey agreed to accompany her on this visit to Brooklyn, but left the house before she could get to him.

The officers suppose that Mrs. Halsey was at this time at some place unknown to Mr. Wells. He had desired to break off the intimacy for some time, as it proved a costly affair. It was known to her mother, and it is said, also to her husband, that she was in the habit of obtaining sums of money from him. It is supposed that after this interview, Mr. Wells went to Mrs. Halsey's stopping-place, and assured her that he could not conceal or protect her, and that she must go home at once. On hearing this, the unhappy woman, distracted at this desertion by her lover, determined upon suicide, and accordingly precipitated herself into East River.

The surgeons conducting the *post mortem* examination, are confident that there was no appearance of violence on the body, and that death was the result of accident, or her own act.

The Grand Inquest sat this morning at Bay Ridge. The relatives of the deceased were all in attendance, and it is probable that the proceedings will be terminated to-day.

It is due to Mr. Wells to say that he has been acquainted with the deceased from her childhood. The age of Mrs. Halsey was about eighteen years. Her husband is thirty-three. Mrs. Halsey was a beautiful lady, and some time ago gave Shakespearian readings in this city under the name of Fanny Deane Howard.

The coroner's inquest on the body of the unfortunate young woman mentioned above, was held at Bay Ridge, Long Island. The jury rendered a verdict—"That the said Fanny Deane Halsey was found drowned, and that there is no evidence to warrant the belief that her death was other than accidental." The husband of deceased, and Wells, the Brooklyn contractor, are discharged from custody.

It was given in evidence before the jury, that in commenting on the Stickle's case, Mr. Halsey had said that he would kill his wife if she were false to him—using more general terms, however, and not alluding to his own wife particularly. Mrs. Halsey's relatives aver their utter disbelief in any criminality on her part with Mr. Wells.

A further investigation, it is said, will be ordered in this (*mysterious murder or suicide*) case, on the strength of certain affidavits made, or to be made, by the mother of the deceased—the first effect of which will probably be the re-arrest of the husband of the deceased, and Wells, the Brooklyn contractor.

In Stillwater, Saratoga county, N. Y., recently, Hiram D. Case was shot by Arthur Holden for improper relations with his (Holden's) daughter. Case was formerly a clerk in a dry goods establishment in Albany. Last December he came home and stayed about here for three weeks, and during that time got acquainted with Miss Holden. She was the daughter of a poor man, but bore a good character. As circumstances have since shown, Case, under pressure of marriage, ruined her. As soon as her father knew this, he swore that Case should answer for the crime with his life. Mr. Holden served in the Mexican war, and with him to say was to perform. Since the first of March Case has resided with his parents, and recently came down to Holden's, where Holden, as he entered the gate, shot him through the heart with a rifle. He died almost instantly. Holden gave himself up to the authorities, and made no resistance, simply remarking that he had done his duty.

LIGHTNING struck an umbrella carried by Michael Cochran, of Norwich, Conn., during the thunder-storm on Friday last, and demolished it completely, without injuring him in the least.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 159—Adults 74, and children 85.

THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

The following account, from an independent source, is probably as near a true account of this battle, as we shall get for some time. Neither the French nor the Austrian accounts of any action are to be relied upon. The first Napoleon said that "Falschood was at power"; and the second doubtless holds the same view as also do the Austrian commanders.

Turin, May 21.—On Thursday it was well known at head-quarters that an Austrian corps, about 6,000 strong, was assembled at Stradella, and that it had commenced its march along the Voghera road, the artillery using the causeway and the horse and foot the level ground on the north. But the public never imagined there was anything in it. "It was a mere reconnaissance, a feint, too transparent not to be seen through," An. This opinion appears to have extended to head-quarters.

It appears that during the night, from the 19th to the 20th, his majesty the Emperor was knocked up in the middle of the night, by an aide-de-camp from Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, telling him he expected to be attacked at day-break, or very soon after.

"*Ce n'est pas la peine de nous déranger.*"

(What is that all?) It was hardly worth while to trouble you for such a message.)

I do not guarantee the truth of this, and very likely it is but one of the many stories current in camp. However that may be, next morning his Majesty rose early, and, ordering his horses and escort, soon disappeared along the road leading to Marengo, where he visited the scene of that famous battle which paved the way to the establishment of that military despotism which for 14 years held the whole of Europe under his sway. Meanwhile Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, whose corps is scattered over a great extent of territory, immediately sent forward six squadrons of cavalry, Piedmontese, no French cavalry but the Cuirassiers having yet arrived, and they were too busy escorting their Sovereign at Marengo to be available where they might have been really useful to check the advance of the Austrians, if possible, and orders were immediately given to Gen. Forey to get his division under arms, and to start immediately for Montebello and Valsiglio. The utmost dispatch was used, but owing to the bad state of the roads and the distance at which one regiment was encamped from another, Gen. Forey had to wait with the 17th battalion of Chasseurs, commanded by M. Ferrusart, and the 73d and 84th regiments of the line, under Brigadier Bourret, leaving the other regiments of his division, the 91st and 95th foot, to follow.

Orders were also sent to General Vinoy's division, encamped at Cantalupo and Marzano Corte, to hasten to the support of Gen. Forey. The Piedmontese cavalry, after occupying Casteggio, had been driven back by the Austrians, who followed it into Montebello, where they were brought up by the force under Forey and Bourret; a fierce contest took place in the streets of the village, while the French were ultimately driven after two hours' hard fighting; but at this time a reinforcement made its appearance in the shape of half a battery of artillery, and the 91st and 95th regiments. The village was re-captured after much slaughter, and the Austrians fell back along the road to Casteggio in perfect order, closely followed by the French. The Austrians suffered very severely in this retreat, and would have done still more so but for the admirable conduct of their artillery. At Casteggio they stopped their retrograde movement, and a battalion of riflemen, posted upon some well-walled hills south of the town, kept up a galling fire against the French.

The 74th regiment alone had about one hundred men put *hors de combat* at Casteggio by the murderous rifles of the Tyrolese Jagers. The rest of the Austrians deployed in files on the left, despite several very gallant attempts of the Sardinian horse to prevent them. The French made a desperate attack to gain possession of the village, but were repulsed, and retired in considerable disorder to Montebello, where the Austrians pursued them, and it would have been all up with the division of Forey, but for the 52nd regiment and the 6th battalion of Chasseurs, who had just arrived from Cantalupo. With all this, it seems that Austrian and French entered pell-mell into Montebello, where a fearful butchery took place, but the upshot of the business was, that the Austrians retired, leaving a fearful number of killed and wounded along the road. The Sardinian cavalry, who behaved with a degree of intrepidity that is hardly done justice to in the bulletins, attempted to pursue them, but were too fatigued to do so effectively. The Austrians retired in perfect order, but 200 prisoners remained in the victors' hands. They must have been greatly surprised, and not a little relieved, at finding that no fresh troops were sent in pursuit. They retired behind the Po, moving along the Plaenza road, as far as Stradella, and then crossing over to the northern bank of the river. The road to Plaenza is now, therefore, open to the French, unless there be an Austrian force at Castel San Giovanni—a fact which is not as yet cleared up.

The surgeons conducting the *post mortem* examination, are confident that there was no appearance of violence on the body, and that death was the result of accident, or her own act.

The Grand Inquest sat this morning at Bay Ridge. The relatives of the deceased were all in attendance, and it is probable that the proceedings will be terminated to-day.

It is due to Mr. Wells to say that he has been acquainted with the deceased from her childhood. The age of Mrs. Halsey was about eighteen years. Her husband is thirty-three. Mrs. Halsey was a beautiful lady, and some time ago gave Shakespearian readings in this city under the name of Fanny Deane Howard.

The coroner's inquest on the body of the unfortunate young woman mentioned above, was held at Bay Ridge, Long Island. The jury rendered a verdict—"That the said Fanny Deane Halsey was found drowned, and that there is no evidence to warrant the belief that her death was other than accidental." The husband of deceased, and Wells, the Brooklyn contractor, are discharged from custody.

It was given in evidence before the jury, that in commenting on the Stickle's case, Mr. Halsey had said that he would kill his wife if she were false to him—using more general terms, however, and not alluding to his own wife particularly. Mrs. Halsey's relatives aver their utter disbelief in any criminality on her part with Mr. Wells.

A further investigation, it is said, will be ordered in this (*mysterious murder or suicide*) case, on the strength of certain affidavits made, or to be made, by the mother of the deceased—the first effect of which will probably be the re-arrest of the husband of the deceased, and Wells, the Brooklyn contractor.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

MATHIMON BEVERAGE.—One of the Boston Knights Templar, who recently visited Virginia, purchased a negro man for \$800, for a free colored woman in Boston, who furnished the money, and expects to marry her husband.

FATAL EFFECTS OF A RAT'S BITE.—A child of Peter Seiger, residing in Allegheny county, Pa., was bitten by a rat in two places, on the 2d inst., while lying in the cradle, and died from the effects the same day.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

MATHIMON BEVERAGE.—One of the Boston Knights Templar, who recently visited Virginia, purchased a negro man for \$800, for a free colored woman in Boston, who furnished the money, and expects to marry her husband.

FATAL EFFECTS OF A RAT'S BITE.—A child of Peter Seiger, residing in Allegheny county, Pa., was bitten by a rat in two places, on the 2d inst., while lying in the cradle, and died from the effects the same day.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour, and is the fastest (and most dangerous) on record in that region.

FATIGUE BOX REGION.—The steamer Thomas Powell recently ran from New York to Rondout, on the North River, in 3 hours and 59 minutes, running time. This is an average of 25 miles per hour

Wit and Humor.

A RICH SCENE.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, last week, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline, introduced by Abbott. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages—

Mr. Grammond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life, he swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hooping-cough; and even now the sight of an empty hoophead brought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hidden by hoops, and enveloped in crinoline, that the naked—

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker—

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—

Speaker—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. Brown—Now, the naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, silence, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

Speaker (yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—in the name of the seventeen graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker, let me apologize; I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline have reached such a rotundity, that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker (firmly)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Mr. Brown (wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! Naked truth was what I was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now, surely, the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not but be aware that the character of every member of the House was affected by such dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say, by such dam—

Mr. J. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind; but would be tempted to do so, if not allowed to finish his sentence—but such a dam—order, order, a dam—(confusion) he would repeat it—by such a dam—(tremendous uproar.)

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that *disengaging statements* was all he meant to say when he was interrupted by a fool—

Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool—

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr. Cameron—Who's an ass?

Mr. Ross (wildly)—Foolish ass—assertion of profanity.

A PARISIAN QUACK.

At the theatre of the *Varia* there is an actress, one of the best in Paris, who has the misfortune to be exceedingly, deplorably thin—we might almost say, scrawny. A short time since she heard of a doctor, who it is said, had succeeded in manufacturing a mineral water which had the power of making people grow fat. She went to him in haste.

"Doctor," said she, "what must I do to get fat?"

"Take my waters."

"And I shall get fat?"

"Immediately."

The thin actress plunged into the doctor's bath, and drank the water early and late. Three months passed away, but she grew no fatter. At last she called the doctor, and said—

"Doctor, I don't grow fat."

"Wait a little while," replied the doctor.

"Will it be long?"

"Fifteen days at the farthest. You see that big, fat woman walking in the garden. When she first came here, she was, perhaps, thinner than you."

"What? I may hope?"

"Fifteen days at most," said the doctor.

Two more months passed: the actress grew thinner and thinner. One day, as she was taking her warm mineral bath, she heard a dispute going on in the bathing room next to her own.

"Decidedly, doctor," said the big, fat woman above introduced, "decidedly, doctor, I don't get a bit thinner."

"Have patience, madame," said the doctor, "you see that very thin lady who sometimes walks in the garden?"

"Yes."

"Well, she is an actress from the *Varia*, whose excessive fat forced her to absent herself from the stage; she came to me—you see the result. Before fifteen days I promise you shall be thinner than she is."

At these words the thin actress rose from her warm bath, dressed herself, and with a heart divided by grief and indignation, silently left the house, hoping, however, to keep her misfortunes a secret; but in Paris a secret is an impossibility, and somehow or other the story got out.

Now—Touching dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy especially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man,—a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, pure and person, is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes, wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress.—Carlyle.

ARMED OR HORSEMAN.—There is an anecdote told in Paris of the late Baron Rothschild which is worth repeating. He resided alternately at Vienna and Paris, and was fond of the theatre. One day, narrates Banerie, the director of the Theatre of the Leopoldstadt, (a suburb of Vienna,) the Baron stood on the stage; suddenly he heard a loud sobbing; he turned round; there stood an old chorister, who wept heart-rendingly. "Herr Banerie," said the Baron, "why does the woman cry so lamentably?" "I do not know, but I will ask her." Mrs. Viehweger, why do you cry?" "God bless me," was the reply, "have I not good cause to cry? While I am obliged to perform here in the comedy my master is carrying away my little furniture, turning out my sick mother into the street." "How much do you owe him?" "Sixty florins—two quarters' rent." "Herr, Goethe," said the Baron to his companion, "have you two hundred florins about you?" "Herr, Baron." "Herr Banerie," said the Baron, "have the goodness to give that to the poor woman. Let her pay her hard landlord, but I do not want her thanks." The woman nevertheless threw herself at his feet, and wrung his hands with tears of gratitude. The Baron, however, managed to extricate himself and get away. The next day the Baron visited the theatre again. He saw twelve choristers crying. "Herr Banerie," said Rothschild, "now I will not come again. I see I extract tears from these people. God forbid that this should again be the case."

NOR MAN.—A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during the sacrament. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she was intending to carry little Willy to be christened.

"Why, no!" said his brother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptised twice?"

"What?" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it doesn't take the first time?"

We opine that if little Charley's rule were in force, there would be a great many re-baptisms.

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JUNE.

CORN.—This crop requires the special care of the cultivator during the month of June. As soon as the "stand" is secure from the worm and bird, thin to two or three plants to the hill, according to the strength of your land. As we have repeatedly urged before, let the working of the crop be done early. This Magazine would be worth fifty times the year's subscription to every cultivator of thirty acres of corn, for this piece of advice alone; that after planting at proper distance on ground properly prepared and manured, the crop be quickly worked and *early let alone*. There is more loss to the crop by working after harvest than by all other disasters together. Think of a man working and spending all proper means to get a beautiful, luxuriant growth, and then, at the very time when it is most in need of ample supplies of nutriment, and when a thousand mouths are seeking it from every source, a dangerous implement is put in to tear up and destroy these channels of supply. "Surely an enemy hath done this!"

In working corn, bear in mind the object you have in view, viz.: to destroy the young grass and keep the surface loose. For these purposes shallow cultivation is sufficient, and the ordinary corn cultivator the proper implement. Should the grass, at any time, get the start of you, the mouldboard will be necessary to subdue it.

TOBACCO.—This is the great month of the tobacco crop.—To have it well set during the month of June, the battle is more than half won. All the ground must now have at once its second ploughing, if not already done, and be put in thorough order. It will be laid off and crossed at a distance of 2½ to 3 feet each way, and as many hills prepared as you desire will be capable of planting the next season. It is not well to have the hills made too early.

MARSHES.—If the manure is not already applied, or on hand, the most readily supplied, and perhaps the best, is the manipulated guano. Sow three to four hundred pounds to the acre, broadcast, after the ground is put in order and ready for laying off and crossing.

PLANTING.—Plant at first only such plants as are of full size. You will gain no advantage in time by planting small ones; and a close drawing of the beds is injurious to them. Young planters are apt to make a mistake on this point, in their desire to make sure of the "season." Let them remember the very great advantage of having well grown plants, in the certainty of getting a stand, in the rapidity with which the crop gets out of the reach of the ground-worm and the grass, and in the important point of a quick, unchecked growth, as it affects the quality of the crop. A judicious planter will draw for his first planting with strict reference to the preservation of his beds—a matter of the utmost importance. His object will be rather to relieve the beds of the comparatively few large plants, than to gratify his ambition to make a large plantation by drawing a great many small plants to the serious injury of the beds. A bed drawn with judgment at first will improve very rapidly, and in ten days afford a large drawing of good plants.

As regards planting, we will repeat what we published a year ago, on Clover Culture:

"The water contained in green clover hay when first cut, amounts to from seventy-five to eighty-three per cent. It also contains a certain amount of sugar, which is easily fermented. Therefore, when cut or placed in a barn or stack, fermentation will be produced, which will destroy the sugar and other nutritive qualities, and vinegar or acid will be produced, rendering the hay sour and unfit for food. If sufficiently dried, the sugar will remain with the fibre, and the hay will be a nutritious, wholesome food for stock, and supply the animals with not only food, but an element, carbon, which will generate animal heat."

The whole plant contains 11.18 per cent. of ashes; the leaves 10.69 per cent., and the stems 8.52 per cent. All of the ingredients have more or less of valuable properties to support the an-



THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

MISTER TOM (who has been rebuked for making use of school slang). "But, grandma, Slapping is derived from the Greek word *sloge*, to daughter, baste, or wop; and by compounding, you see—"

Grandma is quite overcome by Tom's learning.

hot and dry. The work of planting is always one of excitement and hurry. Quick hands are ambitions to show how much work they can do, and the slower, to keep pace with them. The tendency on the part of all is rather to do much than to do it well. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the master or manager give his closest attention to the manner in which the work is done. He need not take it for granted that the fastest planters do their work most imperfectly, for this is by no means the case; but let him give his most vigilant attention to see that every one, whether slow or fast, does his work well. The "stand" depends much more on the manner of planting than on the weather after

planting. The leaves contain nearly one-fourth part more than the stem alone. They should be carefully preserved. This can only be done by carefully drying the clover before putting it into the barn. The clover may be cut, and permitted to lay in the sun a few hours to wilt. Let it then be carefully put up into bunches to remain a few days, to cure and partly dry. When it is desired to house it, let the bunches be open and exposed to the air a few hours, and it is then fit to go to the barn. A little salt may be scattered broadcast over the layers. Never let the hay dry so much in the field as to have the leaves or heads drop off by handling or hauling."

MILLET, HUNGARIAN GRASS, SUGAR MILLET, PUMPKINS, CUCUMBERS, SUGAR BEET, BROADCAST CORN, FIELD FLOWERS.—These may all be planted still, but the sooner the better.

GENERAL CULTIVATION.—It is of the greatest importance to get your work in a state of readiness. It is essential to the proper cultivation of every hood crop, that the grass be kept thoroughly subdued while young, and never allowed to get a strong hold upon the ground. The homely old proverb, that "a stitch in time saves nine," is very applicable here. You will now be anticipating, too, the engrossing labors of wheat harvest, on entering which, every hood crop should be left thoroughly clear of grass, and your corn, if you have followed our advice, "laid by."

HARRIER.—If you need extra help at harvest, look it up and make your engagements at once. Get assistance enough to secure your crop in the shortest time, after it is fit for the scythe. Have tools and implements in the best order for use in due time.

TOE OF CERVUS.—We do not advise to any set time or special condition of the crop for cutting. The old standing advice, to begin the harvest two weeks before the grain is ripe, is very unwise, not to say absurd. There are strong reasons why the crop should be cut at the earliest day that its condition admits of it. The quality of the grain is injured by too long delay, and it is imprudent to leave a crop of so much value exposed, unnecessarily, a single day to the risks of weather. But to apply a rule of practice, founded on the slow process of ripening in the temperate season of August and September in England, to our crops, on which three days of our fierce June suns will produce greater change than ten days of the former, is a great mistake. Our advice would be rather to watch the condition of your crop carefully, and be guided by your judgment and experience, or that of a judicious neighbor, and begin *rather too soon than too late*. Better lose something by shrinking, than risk much in quality and quantity by putting off too long.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

POTATOES.—We ventured the opinion last month, in opposition to the general advice upon the subject, that the best time for planting, for the main crop of potatoes, is not before the middle of June. As the sun has much power at that time, there are some cautions to be observed in planting, to insure the coming up of the seed. The plantings should be prepared some weeks in advance of the time of planting, and spread out where they will heal without being heated; unless you prefer planting whole potatoes of small size. The potatoes should not be exposed in the field, by being allowed to remain in the hot sun, in baskets or otherwise. They should be dropped in the fresh furrow immediately after it is opened, and covered without delay. Attention to these suggestions will insure the regular coming up of the crop, unless the potato has been damaged previously. As soon as the plants begin to grow, run the harrow over the ground, to break the crust, and destroy such weeds or grass as may be germinating. One or two seasonal workings of this sort, will save much hoe work.

HAY MAKING.—The Clover and Orchard Grass will be fit for hay. The proper time of cutting is a point of much importance. It is suggested that the instincts of bees and other insects are a safe guide for us. They seek the blossoms when the sugar is developed in the plant, and indicate the period when we may most profitably put in the scythe. Professor Hersford determined by experiment, that clover cut when the heads just begin to appear, produced only 0.80 per cent. of sugar; but when fully developed, produced 1.15 per cent. of sugar—very near fifty per cent. more than that cut first. "If clover," he says, "is not cut when sugar is most prevalent, it goes to perfect the seed, and the same loss of nutriment is the result. Bees and other insects never work with such care as your arm, and on letting go of it, will contract into its original dimensions. The world was not made in a moment, neither can good cheese be made without time and care."

POROUS CHEESE.—A Vermont correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives the following description of the causes of porous, puffy, elastic cheese:

"To make porous cheese, in the first place heat the milk very hot, not scald it, then throw it in the rennet; be sure to get in enough, and if you want a very porous cheese, put in a great deal too much, so that it will come in a very short time, but don't put in very little salt, (*not half enough*), and then don't let the curd stand long enough for the whey to drain off, but hurry it into the press as quick as you possibly can; then let it stand in the press until it is pressed enough, or until you can conveniently attend to taking it out—and my word for it, if you don't have a porous cheese to your satisfaction, a slice of which will stretch out like a handkerchief at each end like a piece of India rubber, as long as your arm, and on letting go of it, will contract into its original dimensions. The world was not made in a moment, neither can good cheese be made without time and care."

PORABLE BALLS FOR TAKING GREASE SPOTS OUT OF CLOTHES.—Dry fuller's earth so as to crumble it into powder, and moisten it well with lemon juice; add a small quantity of pure pulverized pearlash, and work the whole up into a thick paste. Roll it into small balls, let them completely dry in the heat of the sun, and they will then be fit for use. The manner of using them is by moistening with water the spots on the cloth, rubbing the ball over, and leaving it to dry in the sun: on washing the spots with common water, and very often with brushing alone, the spots instantly disappear.

CEMENT FOR GLASS, &c.—The following is a hard and durable cement for broken porcelain, glass, &c.:—Powdered gum mastick, 1 part; powdered gum arabic, 1½ parts; powdered paraffin chalk, 2 parts; mix. Keep it in a powder, and make into a stiff paste with water when required for use. I have used it for years, and can vouch for its answering the purpose.—*London Field.*

INDIAN CORN.

Top-Dressing of Ashes, Plaster, Etc.

In looking over the mode of cultivation practiced by those most successful in growing the corn crop, and especially the statements of those who have taken premiums for large products of this cereal, we almost invariably find that some fertilizer was applied in the hill before planting, or as a top-dressing after the corn appeared above ground, immediately before or after the first hoeing. The benefits of this course are not unappreciated by thousands who do not compete at fairs, and hence we find the latter practice quite general throughout the Middle and Eastern States. It involves but little labor and a slight expense, and is found to assist the young corn in getting an earlier and stronger start, so that it can forage for itself through a greater depth and breadth of soil.

A handful of ashes thrown around the hill just before hoeing the first time, is one of the most simple and common applications. That it is beneficial, long experience shows, and how any farmer can neglect it for the purpose of saving labor.

The water contained in green clover hay when first cut, amounts to from seventy-five to eighty-three per cent. It also contains a certain amount of sugar, which is easily fermented.

Therefore, when cut or placed in a barn or stack, fermentation will be produced,

which will destroy the sugar and other nutritive qualities, and vinegar or acid will be produced, rendering the hay sour and unfit for food. If sufficiently dried, the sugar will remain with the fibre, and the hay will be a nutritious, wholesome food for stock,